

SPY

SPECIAL CO-ED ISSUE
Our \$20m CHRISTIAN COLLEGE PRANK

TOM CRUISE: CONTROL FREAK

OCTOBER 1996

CIGAR MANIA:
SPY GETS INSIDE
THE MOST
OBNOXIOUS FAD
OF THE DECADE

Cigar Aficionada
Madonna Ciccone

Holy Smokes!

PLUS: BOB DOLE SLIPS UP ON BANANAGATE

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Features

Smoke and Mirrors

Blame it on the anti-smoking backlash, blame it on the inexcusable *Cigar Aficionado* magazine, but all of a sudden America's got cigars like Zaire has Ebola. No longer just an accessory for moguls and gangsters, high-end stogies are currently de rigueur for sensitive, free-thinking folks from all walks of life—from Matt Dillon to Timothy McVeigh. Bruno Maddox wishes cigars would hurry up and go the way of the hula hoop. No, not 'round and 'round—away! **32**

The Ol' College SPY

Here's a conundrum: Colleges and universities are all about education, right? About being clever and intelligent? So how come everyone—from professors and administrators down to the students themselves—is as stupid as a stick? Dan Bova, Eddie Stern, and Jonathan Yevin

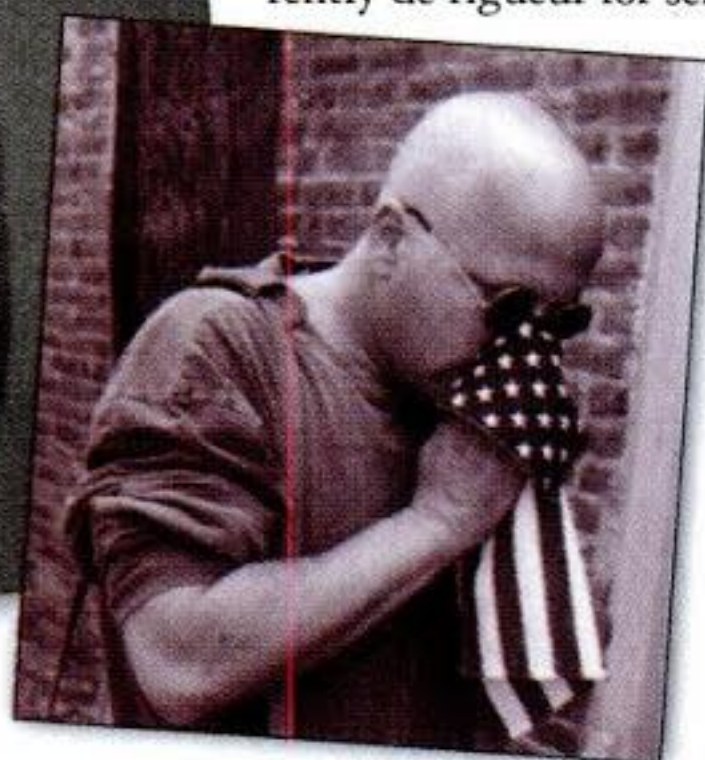
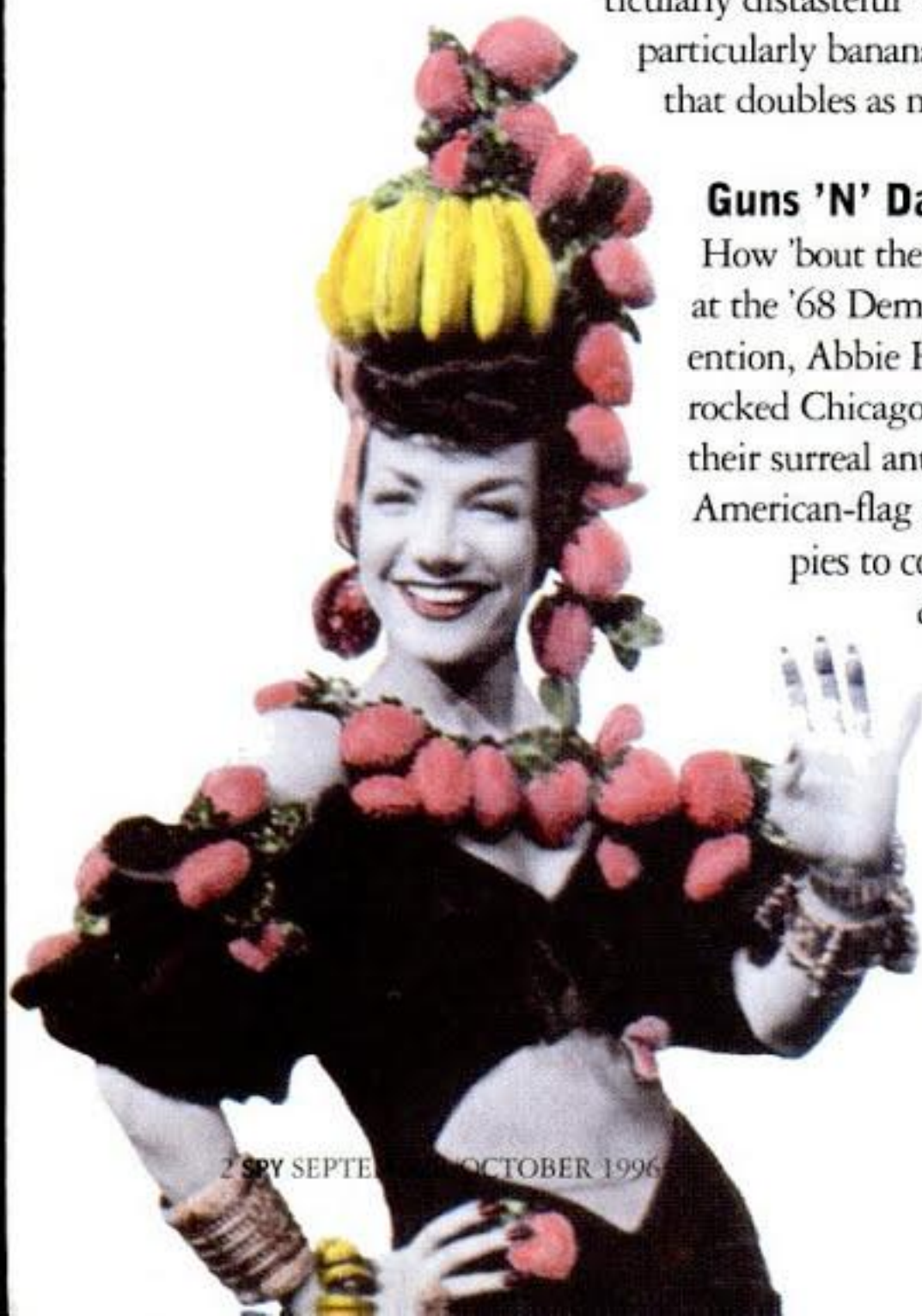
launch a multimedia crusade against the forces of higher learning, highlighted by our \$20 million prank of Christian colleges. Plus, the winners of our spiffy college writing contest. **38**

Banana Republican

Whether he was taking the advice of a ponytailed spin doctor or making ill-advised political decisions on his own, something told Bob Dole that taking huge cash payments to pass bizarre legislation was the way to win voters' hearts. And, as Greg Easley discovers, the ballpoint-wielding curmudgeon chose to sublet his political soul to a particularly distasteful "bunch" of special-interest groups, particularly bananas and that fruity hobo wine that doubles as nail-polish remover . . . **50**

Guns 'N' Daisies

How 'bout them Yippies! Back at the '68 Democratic Convention, Abbie Hoffman and Co. rocked Chicago so hard with their surreal antics—wearing American-flag shirts, giving apple pies to cops—that The Man decided to bash in their skulls. With the Democratic Convention returning to Chi-town *this* year, Mark Ebner and friends revisit the Wimpy City to see if doing stuff like nominating a pig for president can *still* land you in the county pen. **56**



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JOHNNIE WALKER



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Columns



Below the Beltway

Perhaps it was inevitable that a publication with the unsmiling temerity to call itself *The New Republic* would end up imploding in a wave of pettiness and senility. Crocker Jarmon hands Gatorade to the barbarians at the gate **26**

Ethics, Inc.

If you're a Nigerian, notes Ian Williams, the Shell Oil company is a lot more likely to hang you by your neck until you die—or at least turn a blind eye while the government does it—than to give you tokens toward a cool new set of NFL football mugs. **28**

The Industry

Fifteen-odd years of playing overachieving, rodent-like firebrands has left Tom Cruise a compulsive control freak. For *Mission: Impossible*, discovers C.C. Baxter, the top gun grabbed the reins of his publicity juggernaut and put on the cruise control **30**



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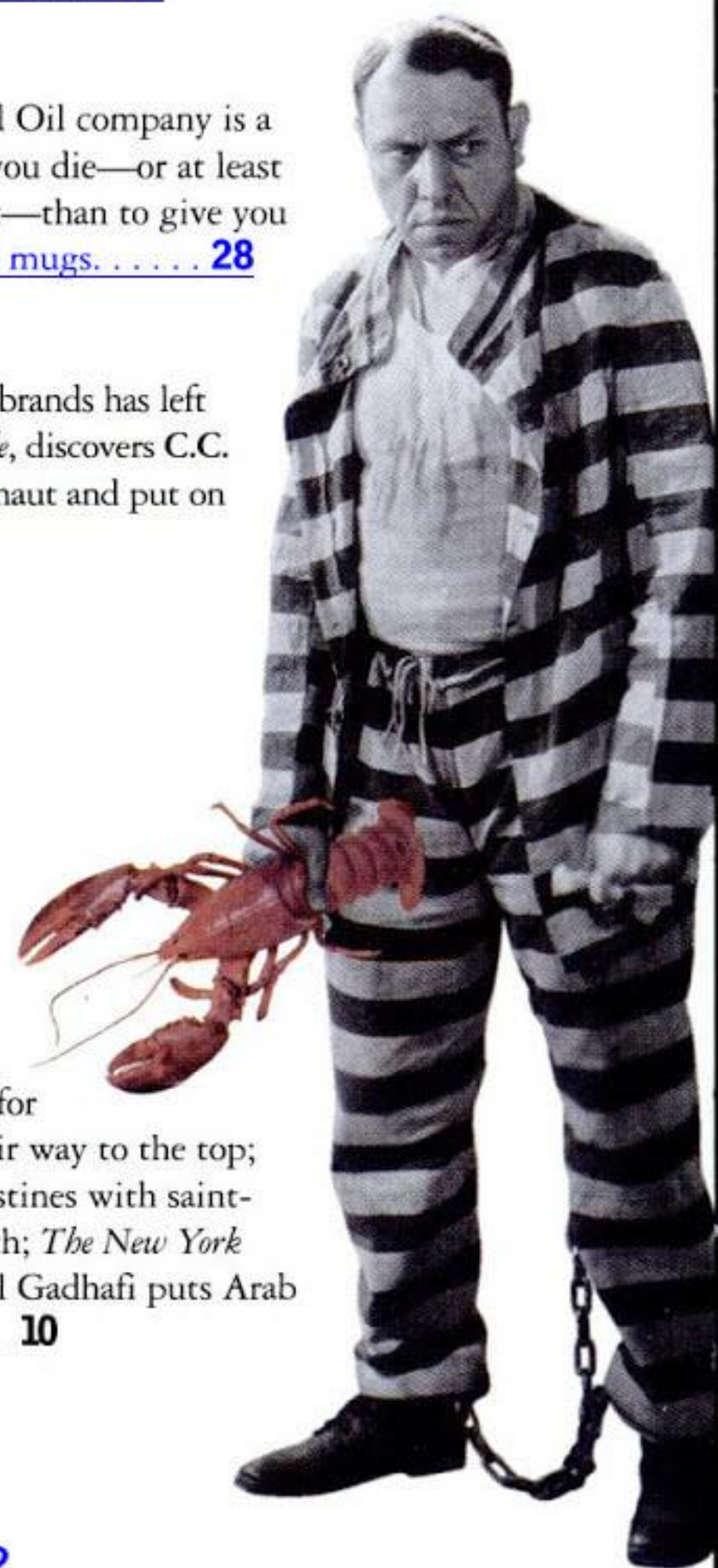
Naked City

How not to masturbate...ever; The Artist Presently Known As "Um, Hey Man"; The painful fire within Burt Reynolds; Absolutely famished on death row; *Friends'* Celebrity Math, Part III; Sensitive poets get shafted for the bazillionth time; Dodgeball is destiny; Celebrities killing their way to the top; The soaring cost of cinematic ransoms; Cleanse your sclerotic intestines with saint-specific prayer; Marlon Brando gets all Talmudic; Separated at Birth; *The New York Times* knows the world's poorest nations when it sees them; Colonel Gadhafi puts Arab kids to sleep; and We're not in Arkansas any more, Socks-o. **10**

Party Poop **66**

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Nubbins of preternatural coincidence from the SPY brain trust **72**



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WINNER! SUNDANCE FILM FESTIVAL

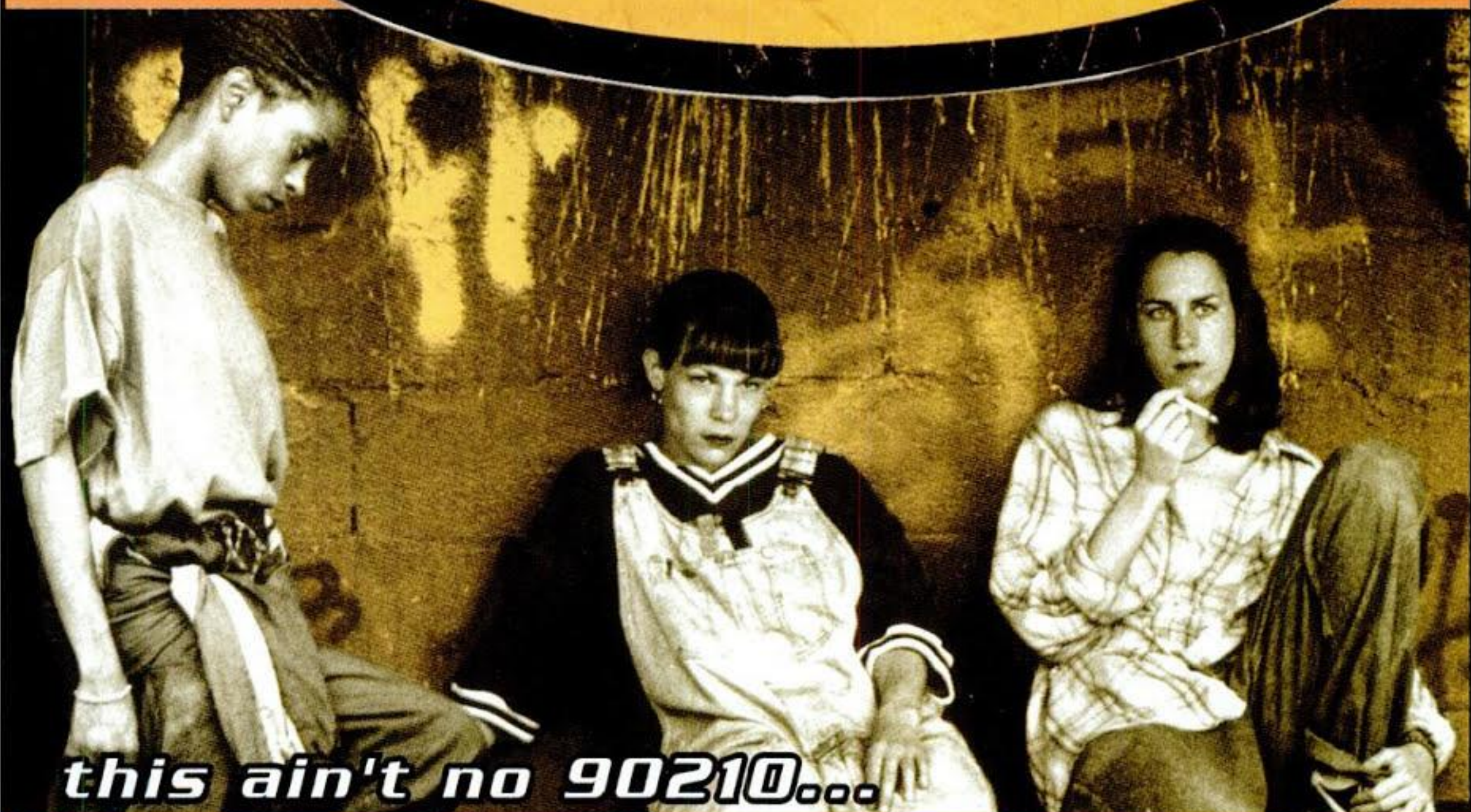
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From the SPY Mailroom

WE TAKE OUR ambassadorial responsibilities pretty seriously here in the SPY mailroom. In the corner squats a large black machine that franks every outgoing package with a bas-relief rebus of what it's like to live in America—a dog eyeing a hydrant, a grass-roots political committee munching down Arch Deluxes—so that even blind mailworkers can catch the spirit. And it seems to be working!


"Please Editor am a Ghanaian girl of 23 years of age, and a worker at Ghana Postal Services Corporation," euphuises Christina Afordoany from, of all places, Ghana. "I want to be one of your pals so that you can be sending me some of your magazines."

Thanks for the mailworker-hands-across-the-ocean bit, Christina. But as for sending you magazines, we're sorry you can't afford any, but we're just plain not ghana!!!

Other sob stories floated in via international waters. "We had a very nice waiter—an Estonian," writes New Jersey's Helen Roberts of her stint on a Kathie Lee prison cruise ship. "We had a tribute to America one night at dinner time. The waiters marched in with straw hats with star-studded bands and carried little American flags."

They just don't get it, do they, those Estonians? There's more to being an American than just donning a few strands of straw and the occasional stud. It's a whole mindset. Rather like being a Buddhist, a quintessentially foreign activity, of which Petra Hardy felt we were a little *too* critical.

"While I have never been fond of Richard Gere as an actor, I believe he is trying to evolve as a human being."

Yeah, we heard about that Petra. Something about a gerbil? Celebs can be so...foreign. 

Martha Stewart's Living Hell

Skewered Stewart

Were I not so disciplined via years of strict adherence to the preachings of Werner Erhard's invaluable EST program, I might be a total basket case in the wake of your shocking revelations about one of my penultimate icons: Martha Stewart ["The Divine Myth Stewart," August 1996].

I had no idea what lurked beneath that perfectly perfect personage. You have really crushed me to the core.

Sitting amidst my home-made chicken coop or refurbished *fin de siecle* library or my new industrial kitchen with its ten-burner Garland stove, well stocked with herb-infused home-made maple syrup from my own personally planted maple tree—of pedigree stock, I might add—I am at a loss as to where to turn, now that Martha has been uncovered by SPY's unique form of depilatory. Perhaps I should look in the direction of Dionne Warwick's *Psychic Friends Network*.

John Teeter
Colorado Springs, CO

Just finished the article on Martha Stewart. It was a great article, but as a gay man, I need to let it be known that plenty of us despise Ms. Stewart. She is a pathetic Julia Child/Sue Anne Nivens wannabe, and I'd rather not be lumped together with her in any regard. Great article all the same. Thanks.

Dave O'Brien
dobrien@watson.wustl.edu

It's such a relief to find that I'm not the only person who wants to twist Martha Stewart's face into a macramé plant holder and feed it to a goat. Greg Easley's article was an answer to my prayers! I knew it was only a matter of time before you stuck it to that plate-

painting, sticky-bun-making, potpourri-packaging, holly-hanging, chick-crushing doily diva. You guys really outdid yourselves...and that's a good thing.

Ray Garton
mace@twilight.c-zone.net

Thanks for bashing Martha Stewart. If there's a more insufferable, self-absorbed, pompous, superficial charlatan on the planet, I don't know who it is. My wife once subscribed to that rancid piece of garbage *Martha Stewart Living*, until I suggested to her that Martha's pathological need to display her own revolting face on the cover of each and every issue was a sign of a serious mental illness that should not be rewarded with our hard-earned money.

Jeff Baggish
Baltimore, Maryland

Frankly, Jeff, you have us a little worried. Just pick up the phone—we're here for you, man.

Children of the Porn

As a new growing institution, My Jewish Discovery Place Children's Museum thrives on all publicity and promotion. Unexpectedly, our recent notoriety from appearing on your list of "American Museums That Sound Like Whorehouses" ["Patrons of the Tarts," August 1996] has raised the expectations of many of our new visitors. As a children's museum, we boast of being a hands-on, touch and feel, interactive museum of discovery. That has new meaning, thanks to your magazine.

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SPY

John P. Colman
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Owen J. Lipstein
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Lawrence W. Rose
GROUP PUBLISHER

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GENERAL MANAGER

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Greg Easley, Mark Ebner
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David Hollingsworth, Stephen Robinson
EDITORIAL INTERNS



Lisa Marie Giordani
ART DIRECTOR

Virginia Cahill
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PHOTO EDITOR

Kenneth Lin
ART ASSISTANT

Andreanna L. Seymore
PHOTO INTERN

Michael Dougan, Mike Luckovich, Jamie Malanowski, Mark O'Donnell, David Potorti, Karen Schwartz, among others
CONTRIBUTORS



Vincent O. McCann
CHIEF FINANCIAL OFFICER

Dale Robbins
CONTROLLER

Janet Lazarus
SENIOR PRODUCT MANAGER

Jennifer R. Ogden
PRODUCT MANAGER

Melissa S. Nussbaum, Alyson A. Schenck
ASSISTANT MARKETING MANAGERS

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OFFICE MANAGER

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NATIONAL ADVERTISING MANAGER

Anna Herceg
ACCOUNT MANAGER

Ilyssa Somer
ACCOUNT MANAGER

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PRODUCTION MANAGER

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AD TRAFFICKING MANAGER

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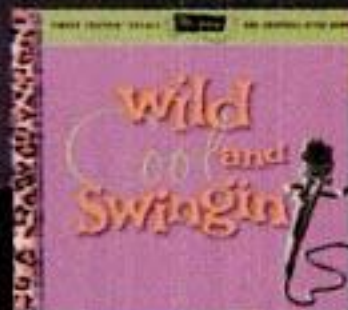
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SPY

Step back to a time when every
bra was a wonder, friends were
designated drinkers and safe
sex meant never leaving your
phone number.

welcome to the

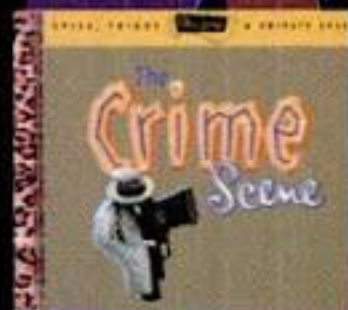
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"He was okay at the beginning. He rebuilt all the roads, honey. He just went too far." Comp

THE FINE PRINT

by Devon Alexander

Come, All Ye Faithful

Spanking the monkey, choking the chicken, jerk-in' the gerkin, saluting the surgeon general—whatever you might call it, to the Mormons, masturbation is a call for help. But if your hands are too busy to dial 911, the late Mark E. Petersen, of the Council of the 12 Apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, has penned a 10-step guide that is better than a red-phone to the Lord.

STEPS IN OVERCOMING MASTURBATION

1. Never touch the intimate parts of your body except during normal toilet processes.
2. Avoid being alone as much as possible. Find good company and stay in this good company.
3. If you are associated with other persons having this same problem, **YOU MUST BREAK OFF THEIR FRIENDSHIP.**

Don't suppose that two of you will quit together, you never will. The problem must be taken **OUT OF YOUR MIND** for that is where it really exists.

4. When you bathe, do not admire yourself in the mirror. Never stay in the

naked city

The Usual Suspects

Just because the diminutive artist formerly known as **Prince** has dropped his royal pretensions for a more symbolic moniker doesn't mean that he's no longer a mean little monarch. A notorious perfectionist who rules over a fearful kingdom, the shrimpy singer goes through freelance employees like lollipop sticks. To help unfamiliar neophytes acclimate to the bizarre environment inside his Paisley Park complex, his full-time staff has prepared an unwritten set of rules on how to interact with his, er, lowness. The Four Rules of Working for Prince: 1) Don't touch him. 2) Never talk to him. 3) If you happen to be addressed by him, don't ever call him "Prince." And 4) Don't look at, touch, or talk to any of the women in the Paisley Park

complex. Of course, Rule Number 3 tends to be the most problematic—what are you supposed to call him? A few clever drones came up with an all-purpose form of address: "Um, hey, man," as in "Um, hey, man, I need you to take a look at this." No word yet on whether a symbol for *that* has been developed.

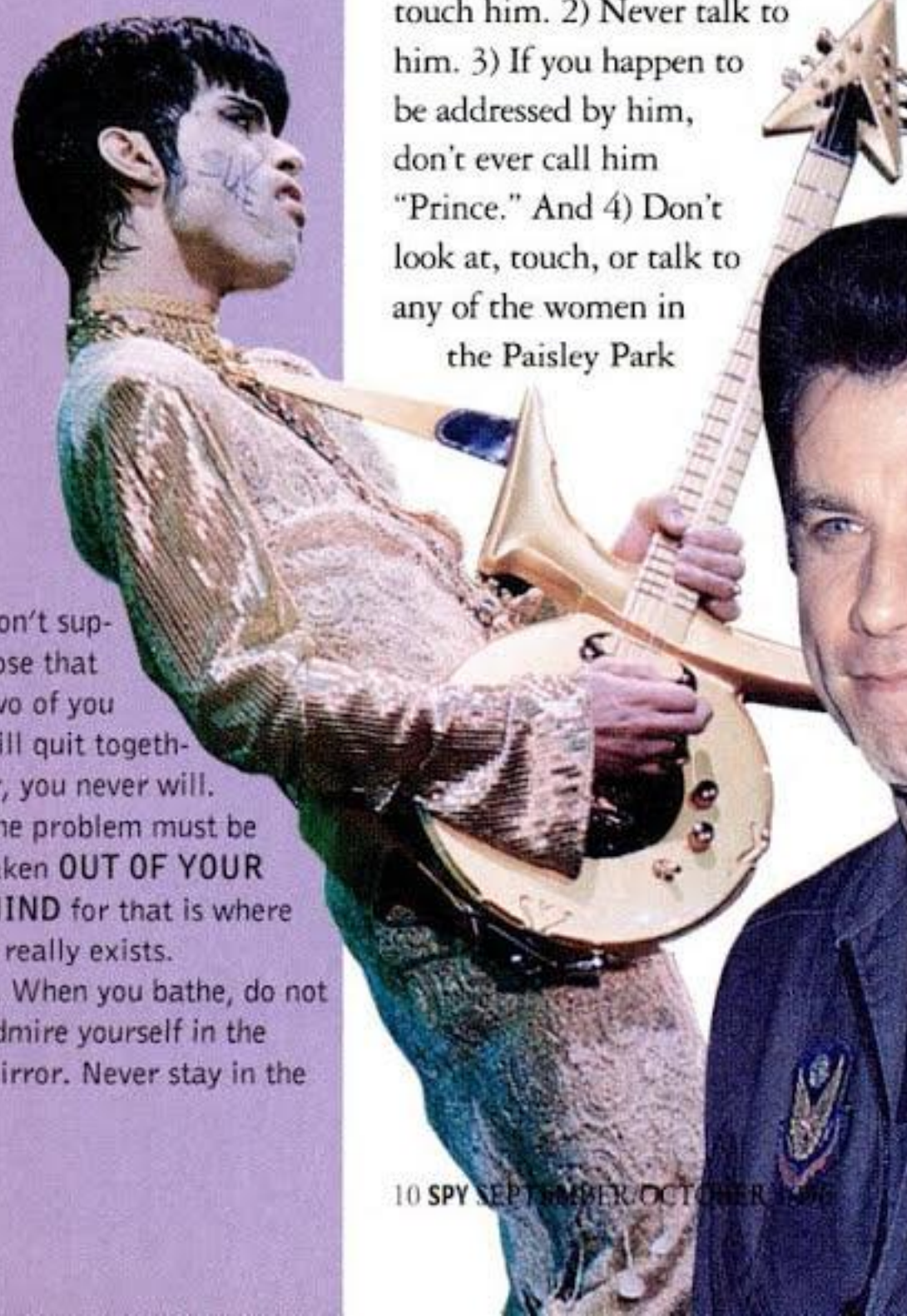
Flying is literally an extroverted experience," waxed *Esquire* cover boy **John Travolta**, of his passion for piloting jets, in the June issue. "Anything is possible." Even letting dopey thespians endanger our nation's capital. Travolta, flying an electrically-challenged Gulfstream II on November 24, 1992, narrowly averted a mid-air collision above Washington

National Airport with a USAir 727 carrying 182 passengers. "Normally, John does a very good job when he's concentrating," said

an aviation source familiar with Air Travolta. "He has good stick and rudder sense, but he gets into trouble with all the little technical things that go along with flying—things like checklists and systems operation." Look who's flying!

If press accounts were to be believed, tubby actor

Keanu Reeves dropped plans to star in the sequel to *Speed* to pursue a career with his rock band Dog Star. But insiders say that it's less a music career than a yen for Chicago deep-dish pizza that's preventing Reeves from donning his action duds: Reeves put on 30 pounds, and was struggling to work off the weight. It seems he's also unwilling to clean up his room—two separate maids each turned down \$100 to clean his home, where underwear was hanging from a lampshade.



Star Pain

Misery Loves Three's Company

Celebrities may be private people, but they love to share their nuggets of despair

Nobody suffers like a celebrity. After all, stars are the ones who feel the torment of idolatry, the anguish of ubiquity, and the unbearable sting of a lucrative six-picture deal. But though regular schmos like us will never understand what a goddamn hellhole Hollywood is, we *can* get an insight to the acute hurt felt by the greats in the historical manifesto known as the celebrity autobiography.—Hart Seely

• **Elizabeth Taylor:** "My earliest memory is of pain." (*Elizabeth Taylor*, 1965.)

• **Drew Barrymore** (with Todd Gold): "Depressed isn't a strong enough word to describe my condition." (*Little Girl Lost*, 1990.)

• **Michael Jackson:** "It really seemed that the more I looked in the mirror, the worse the pimples got." (*Moonwalk*, 1988.)

• **Glen Campbell** (with Tom Carter): "I had fame, wealth, a wife, and children. But I didn't have a life." (*Rhinestone Cowboy*, 1994.)

• **Ann-Margret** (with Todd Gold): "I had no approval of scripts, cast, directors. Nothing. I was a commodity, someone to be stuck in whatever film the studio decreed." (*My Story*, 1994.)

• **Peggy Lee:** "It was so cold in the dressing room I had to wear my mink to put on my makeup." (*Miss Peggy Lee*, 1989.)

• **Wayne Newton** (with Dick Maurice): "I leaned my head against the wall and began to cry uncontrollably. This was more than a horse. This was a soul that I loved deeply." (*Once Before I Go*, 1989.)

• **Burt Reynolds:** "I won the Emmy for Best Actor, a

triumphant moment that was extraordinary.... Yet the next day it was just a statue. I was still miserable." (*My Life*, 1994.)

• **June Allyson** (with Frances Spatz Leighton): "My life was a mess and no wonder I had shingles." (*June Allyson*, 1982.)

• **Marlon Brando** (with Robert Lindsey): "I concentrated on my private parts, trying to *will* my penis and testicles to grow; I even spoke to them. But my mind failed me. I was humiliated...." (*Songs My Mother Taught Me*, 1994.)

• **Chuck Barris:** "The bedraggled prick hanging between my legs was dark and thin and shriveled and dead, like a piece of overcooked bacon. And though I had left the toilet ages ago, the fucker was still dripping urine on the floor." (*Confessions of a Dangerous Mind*, 1980.)

• **Jane Russell:** "[T]here were bastards out there who would use anything they could get. My boobs were bulging out over the top of my blouse every time I picked up those pails." (*My Path & My Detours*, 1985.)



THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

bath more than five or six minutes—just long enough to bathe and dry and dress AND THEN GET OUT OF THE BATHROOM into a room where you will have some member of your family present.

5. When in bed, dress yourself for the night so securely that you cannot easily touch your vital

parts, and so that it would be difficult to remove these clothes.

6. If the temptation seems overpowering while you are in bed, get out of bed and go into the kitchen and fix yourself a snack.

7. Never read pornographic material. Never read about your problem.

8. Put wholesome thoughts into your mind at all times.... Make a daily habit of reading at least one chapter of Scripture.

9. Pray. But when you pray, don't pray about this problem, for that will tend to keep it in your mind more than ever. **KEEP THE PROBLEM OUT OF YOUR MIND BY NOT MENTIONING IT EVER—NOT IN CONVERSATION WITH OTHERS, NOT IN YOUR PRAYERS. KEEP IT**

OUT of your mind! Masturbation is a sinful habit that robs one of the Spirit and creates guilt and emotional stress. It is not physically harmful unless practiced in the extreme. It is a habit that in no way expresses the proper use of the procreative power given to man. It separates a person from God and defeats the eternal plan.

10. This self-gratifying activity will cause one to lose his self-respect, his testimony becomes weak, and missionary work and other Church callings become burdensome.

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Petersen also offers the following suggestions to help members of the flock adhere to his touchy Top-10 list. Anything to defeat Onan the Barbarian.

Suggestions

1. Pray daily, ask for the gifts of the Spirit, that which will strengthen you against temptation. Pray fervently and out loud when the temptations are the strongest.
2. Follow a program of vigorous daily exercise.
3. When the temptation to masturbate is strong, yell STOP to those thoughts as loudly as you can in your mind and then recite a prechosen Scripture or sing an inspirational hymn.
4. Set goals of abstinence. Begin with a day, then a week, month, year and finally commit to never doing it again.
5. Spend time every day imagining yourself easily overcoming tempting situations.
6. Begin to work daily on a self-improvement program.
7. Be outgoing and friendly. Force yourself to be with others and learn to enjoy working and talking with them.
8. Be aware of situations that depress you or that cause you to feel lonely, bored or frustrated since these emotional states can trigger the desire to masturbate as a way of escape.
9. Make a pocket calendar for a month on a small card. Carry it with you, but show it to no one. If you have a lapse of self-control, color the day black. Your goal will be to have no black days. Keep your calendar up until you have at least three clear months.
10. In the field of psychotherapy there is a very effective technique called aversion therapy. If you associate something very

Eat Your Maker

Last Meal and Testament

New York recently reinstituted the death penalty, sending ripples of apprehension through the nation's criminal fraternity. Its main concern: Will there still be enough classy grub to go around? Death Row inmates have gotten used to writing their own menus when it comes to last meals. But these days, what with everyone ordering surf 'n turf before they are electrocuted, hung, shot, or lethally injected, the good stuff is "subject to availability."—Richard Roeper

✂ **Charles Walker**, Illinois

Fried rabbit, a dozen biscuits, and blackberry pie.

✂ **Aubrey Adams, Jr.**, Florida

A pound of popcorn shrimp, a pound of medium-sized shrimp, a pound of jumbo shrimp, a loaf of garlic bread, French fries, pecan pie topped with pecan ice cream, and half a gallon of iced tea.

✂ **Thomas Andy Barefoot**, Texas
Soup, crackers, chili, rice, beans, corn, mustard greens, and beets.

✂ **George DelVecchio**, Illinois
Filet mignon with mushrooms, shellfish, baked potato with sour cream, Brussels sprouts, salad with Italian dressing, corn on the cob, pistachio ice cream, and a cannoli.

✂ **Joseph Carl Shaw**, South Carolina
Pizza with everything but anchovies, tossed salad, and Coca-Cola.

✂ **John Wayne Gacy**, Illinois
Fried chicken and strawberries.

✂ **Lloyd Schlup**, Missouri
Venison and hare.

✂ **Raymond Robert Clark**, Florida
Filet mignon, salad, French fries, strawberry shortcake with whipped cream, and chocolate milk.

✂ **Keith Zettlemyer**, Pennsylvania

Two cheeseburgers with onions and lettuce, French fries and ketchup, chocolate pudding, and chocolate milk.

✂ **James Hamblen**, Florida

Steak, eggs, French fries, bread, and tomato juice.

✂ **Arthur Lee Jones**, Alabama

Pink salmon and candied yams.

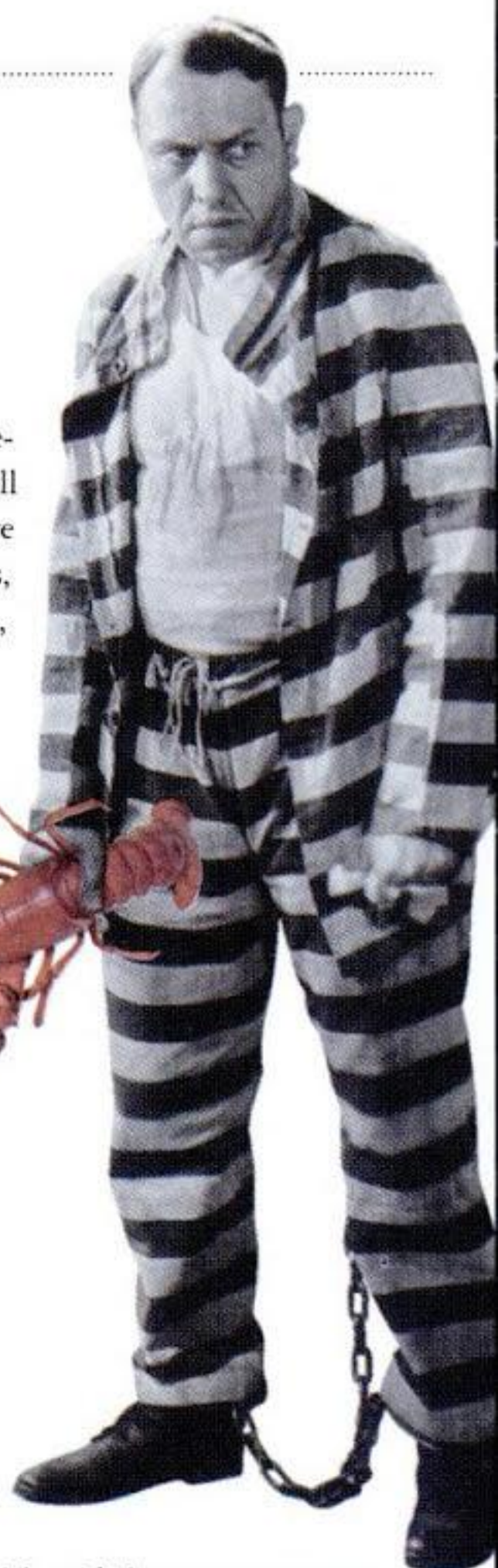
✂ **Roy Harich**, Florida

Sirloin steak, broccoli casserole, Brussels sprouts, sauteed mushrooms, chef salad, raspberry fritters, onion rings, garlic bread, olives, and pineapple juice.

✂ **Robert Dale Henderson**, Florida
Steak and lobster.

✂ **Michael Alen Durocher**, Florida
Five pounds of jumbo-fried shrimp, a pint of chocolate ice cream, and a two-liter bottle of Pepsi.

✂ **Jimmie Wayne Jeffers**, Arizona
Requested three pounds of prime rib, three lobster tails, a pound of king-crab legs, a baked potato with cheese, four dinner rolls, snow peas, strawberry pie with whipped cream, and a large chocolate malt. Prison of-



ficials said the request was unreasonable, and told Jeffers he'd have to "live" with a damn steak.

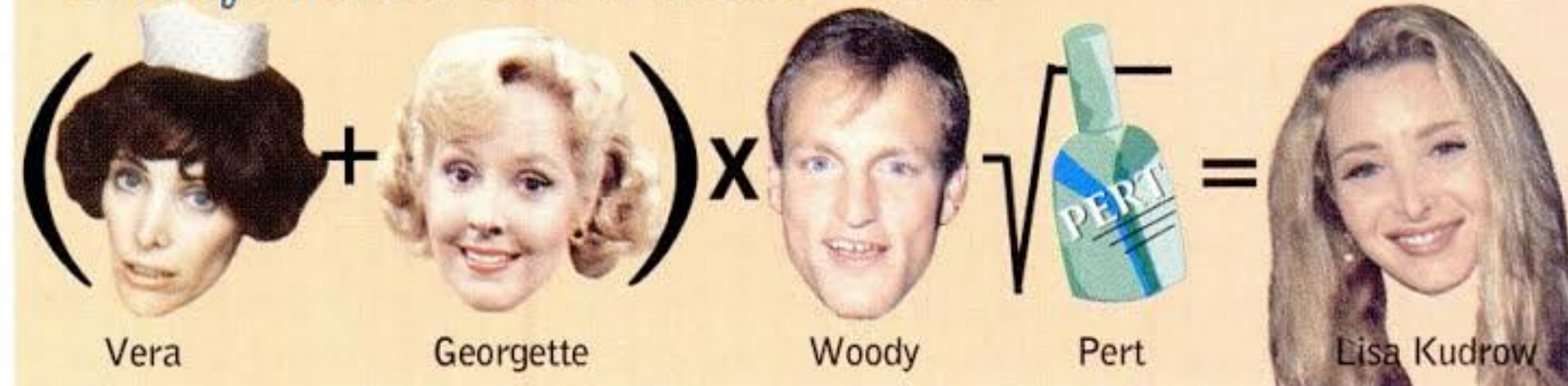
✂ **James Smith**, Texas

Requested a lump of dirt. Prison officials denied the request and Smith received the standard prison fare.

✂ **Guinevere Garcia**, Illinois

Deep-dish pizza and strawberry soda. (When Illinois Gov. Jim Edgar halted her execution, Garcia was not served her last meal.)

Celebrity Math: The Cast of Friends: Part III



Rhyme Scam

Verse Come, Verse Served

Roses are red, violets are blue, give us your moola, and we'll screweth you!

They were the best of people. They were the worst of poets. More than 2,000 of them, from more than 50 countries, gathered in a Washington hotel one weekend last summer, each clutching a letter from the International Society of Poets nominating them as "International Poet of the Year." Of course, to claim your prize, you had to register for the ISP's annual convention and pony up the \$495 registration fee, as well as the airfare and hotel bill. Did Byron and Shelley get frequent-flyer miles?

It's all part of an elaborate—and quite legal—vanity scam. The process begins with advertisements in newspapers, science fiction magazines, and the *National Enquirer*, calling for entries to a poetry competition with \$30,000 in prizes. Entrants are offered publication in one of more than half a dozen anthologies that the National Library of Poets publishes annually. Each one contains the work of between 2,500 and 5,000 aspirant bards. If each entrant bought one copy—and, well, who *else* would buy them?—the publishers would get a return of \$250,000. "Poetry is so easy," said one sweet Floridian woman in attendance, who had bought eight copies each of eight anthologies. For an extra \$20, the poets could include a brief biographical note and philosophical statement, for \$38 a plaque with their poem, and for \$29 more, a cassette.

Most of the conventioners had a subliminal feeling that they were being taken—but it was to a place that they liked, a poetic dude ranch where everyone's a bard. A corpulent New Jersey poetaster confessed, "Hell, it's vanity publishing, but the whole thing's tax deductible. I can show the IRS I'm a published poet."

But this bilkfest is not without its victims. Kithsirimevan Jayasena of Sri Lanka had made the front cover of a Sri Lankan news magazine with his picture and the news of his nomination. Unfortunately, Jayasena had too optimistically misread his invitation, and scraped together a one-way airfare; he was relying on the \$5,000 first prize to get home. "This is not an actual convention," he

realized aloud, alas, too late. "This is misleading. I am not enjoying the convention." And Petia Lazarov of Bulgaria arranged to have his local bank act as patron-of-the-arts—they gave him \$4,000 to pay his way to the convention where he was looking for a publisher. His quest continues.

NLP executive Howard Friedman defends the contest, boasting that they reject "up to 20 percent" of entrants for reasons like "profanity." Many entrants assert, however, that no one is ever turned down. Certainly absence of meter, grammar, or rhythm prove no obstacle to inclusion in the anthologies. Many of the poems have neither rhyme nor reason, adding a whole new dimension to blank verse.

Take *ASPCA in ASPIC*, for example. "Are the screaming giraffe's brown spots/Brutal scars from Salvador Dali's hots/For sadorealism?" A paean to both surrealism and Busch Gardens?

Young Marie LoConte of Massachusetts, who writes poems about her own battle with brain cancer and her brother's death from drug abuse, took the convention bait, but the nearly \$800 in expenses had stretched her finances to the limit. As a cancer victim, she was on welfare, so neighbors held collections for the local heroine.

But Friedman put a positive spin on the conventions. "Most of our poets keep coming back," he noted. "We are not like some of the New York literary clubs restricted to accomplished poets.

For us, everyone who considers themselves a poet is a poet."

—Ian Williams

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

distasteful with your loss of self-control it will help you to stop the act. For example, if you are tempted to masturbate, think of having to bathe in a tub of worms, and eat several of them as you do the act.

11. During your toileting and shower activities leave the bathroom door or shower curtain partly open, to discourage being alone in total privacy.

Take cool brief showers.

12. Arise immediately in the mornings. Do not lie in bed awake, no matter what time of day it is. Get up and do something.

13. Keep your bladder empty. Refrain from drinking large amounts of fluids before retiring.

14. Reduce the amount of spices and condiments in your food.

15. Wear pajamas that are difficult to open, yet loose and not binding.

16. Avoid people, situations, pictures or reading materials that might create sexual excitement.

17. It is sometimes helpful to have a physical object to use in overcoming this problem. A Book of Mormon, firmly held in hand, even in bed at night has proven helpful in extreme cases.

18. In very severe cases it may be necessary to tie a hand to the bed frame with a tie in order that the habit of masturbating in a semi-sleep condition can be broken.

19. Set up a reward system for your successes...put a quarter in a receptacle each time you overcome or reach a goal.

Spend it on something which delights you and will be a continuing reminder of your progress.

20. Do not let yourself return to any past habit or attitude patterns which were part of your problem. Remember, Satan Never Gives Up.



Laws of the Jungle Gym

Life Is a Sport: Don't Suck

Masters of the Universe rule the playground, too

Old people, it can be said, are like fine wines: they really are extremely old. Fact is, aged people simply weren't cool five years ago, the cast of the *Golden Girls* notwithstanding. Now all of a sudden, to be en vogue is to be stone cold old. Septuagenarian Bob Dole

Childhood Game: Cowboys & Indians

How It Is Played: Boys and/or tomboys dress up in appropriate costumes. Cowboys have guns. Indians are unarmed. Game over when unarmed Indians are inevitably slaughtered.

Learned Behaviors: Race relations, winning through intimidation, weapons handling.

Career Applications: Soldier, police officer, politician, developer, leader.

Famous Players: Pat Buchanan, Mark Fuhrman, The Freeman, Norman Schwarzkopf.

Childhood Game: Follow the Leader

How It Is Played: The meanest kid—or the one with the best toys—gets to be the leader. Everyone else has to follow his orders, no matter how dangerous or stupid.

Learned Behaviors: Despotism, subservience, risk-taking, mindless conformity.

Career Applications: DJ, clothes designer, dictator, burger flipper.

Famous Players: Coco Channel, Richard Simmons, Louis Farrakhan, Eric B. & Rakim, Hitler.

Childhood Game: Dodgeball

How It Is Played: Players surround a victim and hurl a large rubber ball at his or her head.

Learned Behaviors: Sadism, scapegoating, betrayal, table-turning, survival at all costs.

Career Applications: Dentist, spin doctor, drive-by shooter.

Famous Players: Snoop Doggy Dogg, Tonya Harding, Al D'Amato, Roger Ailes, the LAPD.

Childhood Game: Hide and Seek

How It Is Played: Whoever is "it" looks in all the obvious places in an attempt to locate the other players, who try to remain hidden.

Learned Behaviors: Evasion, defection, spying, staying in the closet.

Career Applications: Private dick, John Tesh studio engineer, hitman.

Famous Players: Sasquatch, Roman Polanski, Tom Cruise, Elvis Presley, Nicole Brown Simpson's "real killers."

Childhood Game: Simon Says

How It Is Played: Someone appoints himself Simon and orders

is running for president. Nonagenarian Strom Thurmond is running for Senate. And the nonvegetarian Arch Deluxe is the flavor of the month. But before you start blindly worshipping anyone over 110, consider that it's in *kindergarten* that real winners are made. That fat kid with glasses you used to fantasize about disemboweling has not, contrary to fairy-tale logic, grown up to be a rail-thin multi-millionaire with perfect eyesight, but a fat *man* with glasses and a job he despises. *The Lord of the Flies* had it right: If you can't step on the fingers of a pathetic nancyboy when you're a tot, you'll never make it on Wall Street. Take a look at how simple childhood games helped forge today's leaders.—Gary Bosch

everyone else to perform bizarre and humiliating stunts.

Learned Behaviors: Manipulation, blind faith, obeying the insane, belittlement.

Career Applications: Televangelist, general, middle manager.

Famous Players: Oral Roberts, Jim Jones, Marge Schott, C. Everett Koop, Rush Limbaugh.

Childhood Game: Tag

How It Is Played: Players run around frantically, trying to avoid being touched by whomever is designated as "it."

Learned Behaviors: Buck passing, looking inconspicuous, safe sex.

Career Applications: Beekeeper, art dealer, mime.

Famous Players: John Gotti, Michael Jackson, Howard Hughes, John Holmes.

Childhood Game: Trick or Treat

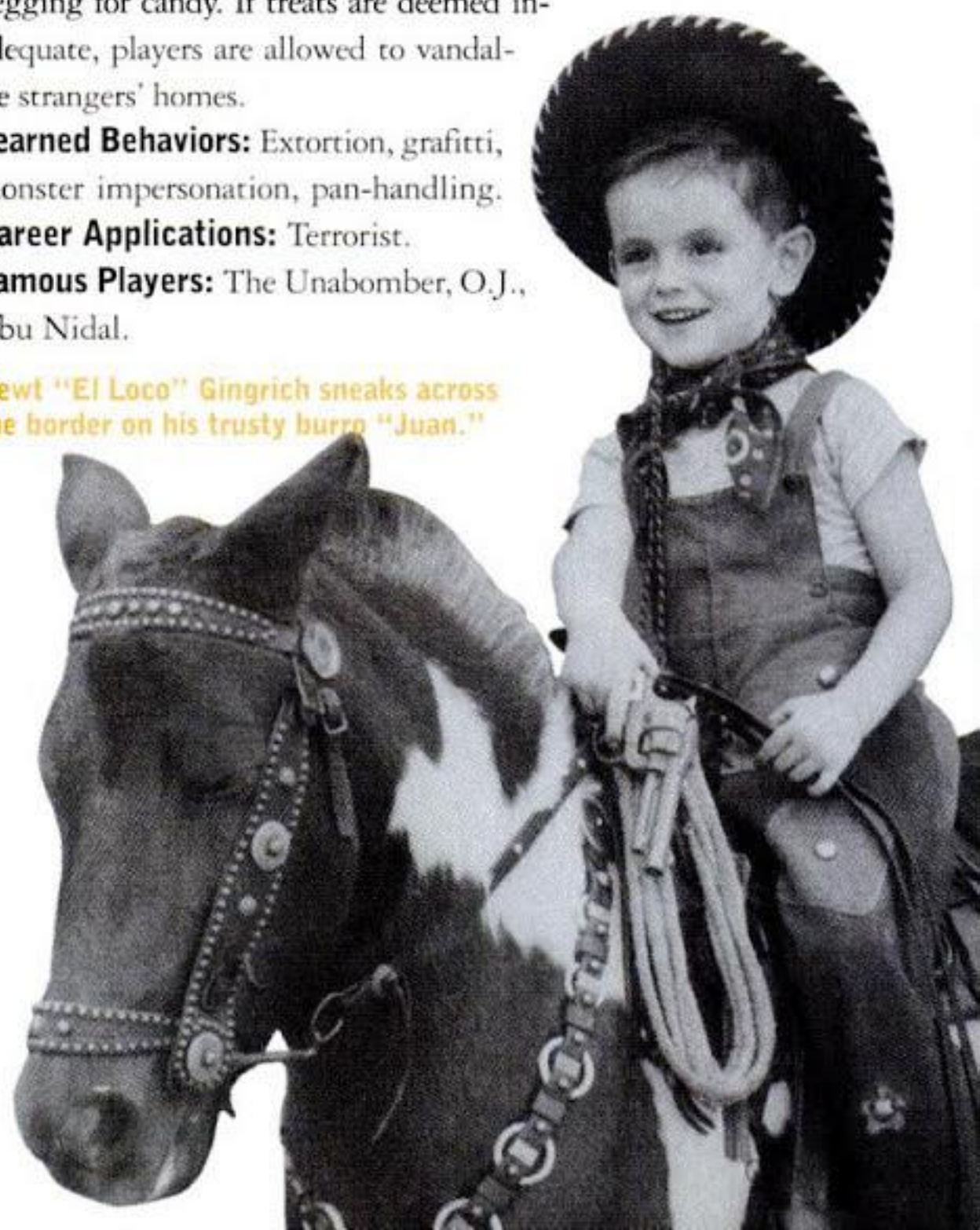
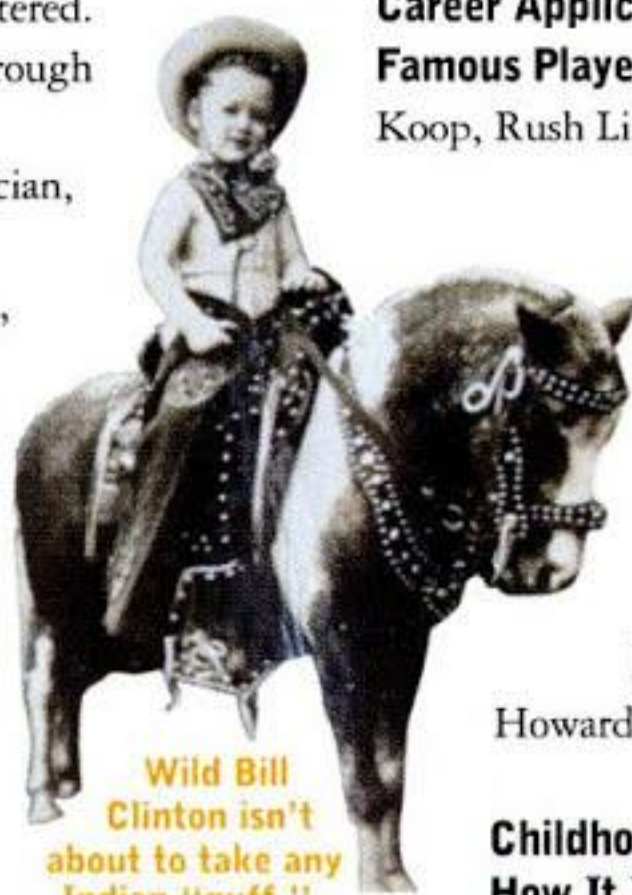
How It Is Played: Everyone dresses up and goes door-to-door begging for candy. If treats are deemed inadequate, players are allowed to vandalize strangers' homes.

Learned Behaviors: Extortion, graffiti, monster impersonation, pan-handling.

Career Applications: Terrorist.

Famous Players: The Unabomber, O.J., Abu Nidal.

Newt "El Loco" Gingrich sneaks across the border on his trusty burro "Juan."












CHERRY SIKI

Et tu, Broderick?

Who's Killed More People: Ferris Bueller or Charles Manson?

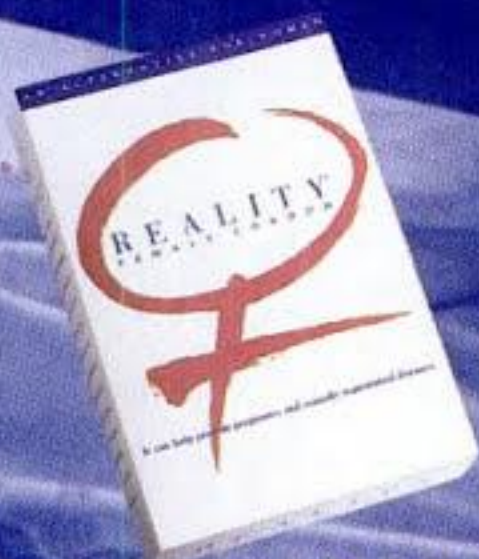
A guide to celebrities who have snuffed out life

Being famous isn't easy: the paparazzi, the stalkers, the vast number of human lives you have to snuff out. Whether as an accident, in the line of duty, in self-defense, or in a homicidal rage after being snubbed by your ex-wife at your daughter's dance recital, more celebrities than you probably would suspect not only don't fear the Reaper, but are more than willing to do some outside consulting on his behalf. For what it's worth, senators from Massachussets are particularly vicious.—*Jake Tapper*

	NAME:	BODY COUNT:	CIRCUMSTANCES:
	Matthew Broderick, really nice guy	2	Northern Ireland, 1987: Broderick's car was on the "wrong" side of the road when it struck another, killing two women. He was charged with manslaughter but ended up paying a \$175 fine.
	John Landis, director/producer	3	Landis was acquitted of manslaughter in the deaths of Jennifer Jason Leigh's father, actor Vic Morrow, and two Vietnamese children during the filming of <i>Twilight Zone: The Movie</i> in 1982.
	Busby Berkeley, musical director	2	Acquitted of three counts of second-degree murder after his car hit another on the Pacific Coast Highway while coming home from a wrap party.
	Bruce Kimball, U.S. Olympic diver	2	This Louganis also-ran did almost five years of a 17-year sentence for drunkenly plowing his car into a crowd of teenagers, killing two instantly. He is banned for life from holding a driver's license.
	O.J. Simpson, Hertz pitchman	2	You probably know the story by now.
	Don King, boxing- and self-promoter	2	In 1954, King killed a man who was trying to rob him, and 12 years later, he beat a former employee to death and served almost four years in prison as a result.
	Charles Dutton, star of Fox's <i>Roc</i>	1	At age 17, Dutton killed a man in a fight; he spent a year in prison as a result.
	George Bush, U.S. President	LOTS	Decorated WWII flyer Bush has "no way to know how many died" as a result of his many air raids against the Japanese, according to a spokesman, but he had many confirmed hits.
	Christian Brando, son of fat genius	1	Convicted of voluntary manslaughter of his half-sister's boyfriend, Brando served half of a ten-year sentence.
	Griffin O'Neal, son of non-genius	1	O'Neal was given a 30-day suspended sentence and fined \$200 after he was found guilty of the reckless boating that resulted in the death of Gian-Carlo Coppola.
	Sen. John Kerry, Massachusetts	20ISH	The Vietnam War veteran was awarded the Silver Star for leading the Swift Boat gunners under his command in an attack on "a numerically superior force...routing a score of enemy soldiers."
	Harlon Carter, NRA deity	1	Convinced that the 15-year-old Ramon Cassiano was planning to steal his mother's car, gun-fun advocate Harlon, then himself only a teenager, blasted him at point-blank range with a shotgun.
	Sen. Ted Kennedy, Massachusetts	1	In the Summer of '69, Kennedy's car barreled off a bridge on Martha's Vineyard, killing his 28-year-old passenger, Mary Jo Kopechne. Kennedy was charged with leaving the scene of an accident.
	Ray "Boom Boom" Mancini, boxer	1	Killed South Korean boxer Duk Koo Kim in the ring, prompting the World Boxing Council to cut the title distance from 15 to 12 rounds.
	Sid Vicious, dead punk star	1	Sid was arrested for the murder of his girlfriend Nancy, but died of a drug overdose before his case could come to trial.
	Craig McTavish, bully on the ice	1	The NHL star served a year in the big house after a drunk-driving accident that killed a young woman. He was convicted of vehicular manslaughter.
	Claudine Longet, pop singer	1	Former wife and frequent guest-star of Andy Williams served one month for "criminally negligent homicide" after shooting about-to-split boyfriend and ski-champ Vladimir "Spider" Sabich.
	Fatty Arbuckle, dead comedian	1	The young starlet whom Arbuckle was acquitted of raping died three days later as a result of her injuries.
	Snoop Doggy Dogg, rhythmic misogynist	1/2?	As an accomplice—and not the trigger-man—Dogg only gets half-credit; he drove the jeep from which his loyal bodyguard shot Dogg's rival, but Dogg was ultimately acquitted of murder.
	Charles Manson, lyricist	0	Manson never actually killed anyone; his followers, the "Creepy Crawlies," carried out all the dirty work. Manson's death sentence was eventually commuted to life imprisonment.

They both swear the EARTH MOVED.

...and so did their NEIGHBORS downstairs!



Feels so GOOD, you won't believe it's SAFER SEX.

Imagine practicing safer sex that's sensitive, uninhibited and totally satisfying for both of you. Better yet, stop imagining and start experiencing the "Reality" female condom. You will discover that you can reduce the risk of pregnancy and sexually transmitted diseases (STDs) including AIDS, without reducing the intimacy or the ecstasy.

WHAT ARE THE STATISTICS?*

- 12 million new STD cases/year—86% occur in persons 15-29 yrs
 - 1 in 3 college students has an STD
 - women's risk to STDs—more than 2x's higher than men's
 - more than half of the pregnancies each year are unintended
- *reference on request

WHAT MAKES IT DIFFERENT FROM OTHER METHODS?



"Reality" acts like a barrier. The woman inserts it ahead of time. It's made of clear, strong but soft plastic. "Reality" rarely rips or tears during use and lines the vagina allowing free movement for the penis.

"Reality" can be put in place long before intimacy. To insert "Reality" squeeze the inner ring and push into the vagina as far as possible. This ring helps to hold the female condom in place inside while the outer rim stays outside the body and helps to protect. When both partners are ready, the penis is simply guided into the female condom. Extra lubricant is added for extra pleasure and ease of movement.



DOES IT PROTECT?

Failure Rates, 1 Year	Typical Use ¹	Perfect Use ²
Reality Female Condom	21%	5%
Male Latex Condom	12%	3%
Cervical Cap	18%	11%
Diaphragm	18%	6%
Spermicide	21%	6%
Unprotected	85%	

1. 'typical' use includes not using it at all or not using it correctly.

2. 'perfect' use is when you use the method correctly every time you have sex.

WHY IS IT EASY TO USE...AND KEEP USING?

Most women report that insertion is easy, especially after using "Reality" two or three times. Both men and women report that "Reality" **feels good**. There's no restricting the penis and the soft feel of the thin but strong plastic together with the lubricant is pleasurable. **Men like it! Women like it!** It's available at your pharmacy!

SHOULD YOU TRY REALITY?

Yes, if you:

- can't or won't use male latex condoms
- seek a new non-hormonal method of contraception and sexually transmitted disease prevention
- use the pill but want an additional method to reduce the risks of STDs
- are allergic to latex

■ If used properly, male latex condoms are highly effective at preventing sexually transmitted diseases, including AIDS (HIV infection). ■ If you are not going to use a male latex condom, you can use "Reality" to help protect yourself and your partner. ■ "Reality" only works when you use it. Use it every time you have sex. ■ Before using "Reality", read the directions and learn how to use it properly.

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A young, frustrated Marlon Brando flips through the Hollywood help wanteds.

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· SUPPORT · ROOSEVELT



■ The Roosevelt elk is making a last, courageous stand on the Olympic Peninsula of Washington State. ■ Just like people, its future depends on a healthful

environment. ■ Unless people who truly care about protecting nature register to vote, wildlife like the elk don't stand a chance. ■ And maybe we don't either.

Be an Informed and Involved Citizen
REGISTER & VOTE

A common-sense conservation message from



NATIONAL
WILDLIFE
FEDERATION

People and Nature: Our Future is in the Balance

VOTE VOTE VOTE VOTE VOTE VOTE VOTE VOTE VOTE VOTE VOTE VOTE VOTE VOTE VOTE

Bag Man's Burden

The Rising Cost of Living

Movie Villains Are Feeling Inflation

Remember when gas was under a dollar a gallon and buying your daughter back from the Freedomian Liberation Front only put you out a few G's? With the rising cost of megalomaniacal underwater compounds, celluloid heroes are having to fit larger ransoms inside those dinky suitcases.

Film: *Dirty Harry* (1971)

What bad guy/s plan to do: Hijack a San Francisco school bus and kill all eight passengers—seven of them children.

Ransom: \$200,000.

Disgruntled former.... hippie.

Time it takes for good guys to plead,

"We need more time": 29 seconds.

Film: *Taking of Pelham 1,2,3* (1974)

What bad guy/s plan to do: Hijack a New York subway car and kill all 18 passengers.

Ransom: \$1 million.

Disgruntled former....

subway employee.

Time it takes for good guys to plead,

"We need more time": Nine minutes, 19 seconds.

Film: *Speed* (1994)

What bad guy/s plan to

do: Blow up a Los Angeles bus with 19 passengers.

Ransom: \$3.7 million.

Disgruntled former.... bomb-squad expert.

Time it takes for good guys to plead,

"We need more time": Five seconds.

Film: *Open Fire* (1994)

What bad guy/s plan to do: Cause mayhem in Los Angeles with nerve gas.

Ransom: \$30 million.

Disgruntled former.... mercenary.

Time it takes for good guys to plead,

"We need more time": 18 seconds.

Film: *Sudden Death* (1995)

What bad guy/s plan to do: Blow up Pittsburgh hockey are-

na—and the U.S. vice president—during Stanley Cup Finals.

Ransom: \$1.7 billion.

Disgruntled former.... CIA agent.

Time it takes for good guys to plead,

"We need more time": Nine seconds.

Film: *Broken Arrow* (1996)

What bad guy/s plan to do: Blow up U.S. Southwest with nukes, killing 500,000.

Ransom: \$250 million.

Disgruntled former.... Air Force pilot.

Time it takes for good guys to plead,

"We need more time": Pentagon too stunned by implausibility of script to answer.

Film: *The Rock* (1996)

What bad guy/s plan to do: Unleash lethal gas in San Francisco, killing 1,000,000.

Ransom: \$100 million.

Disgruntled former.... Marine.

Time it takes for good guys to plead,

"We need more time": 34 minutes, 20 seconds.—*Andre Barcinski*



Holy Sh-t, It's Saint Matrona

Need Supreme Guidance? Divine Intervention? Sure, you can pray to God, but He's so busy, especially this time of year when, like everyone else, He's trying to figure out the new fall television schedule. Besides, instead of going to the Top Guy, why not take your problem to a specialist? Whether you've got chronic diarrhea or you've just started a job as a hatter, the Catholic Church has a whole coterie of patron saints who possess the unique life experiences to intercede on your behalf in a crisis.—*Jeff Hoyt*

Advertising: Bernardine of Siena

Altar Boys: John Berchmans

Boy Scouts: George

Brewers: Nicholas of Myra

Bricklayers: Stephen

Butchers: Hadrian

Cab Drivers: Fiacre

Choirboys: Dominic Savio

Comedians: Vitus

Dentists: Apollonia

Dysentery Sufferers: Matrona

Funeral Directors: Joseph of Arimathea

Gunners: Barbara

Hairdressers: Martin de Porres

Hatters: James the Less

Haymakers: Gervase

Headache Sufferers: Teresa of Avila

Hotelkeepers: Amand

Infantrymen: Maurice

Leatherworkers: Crispin

Paratroopers: Michael

Poisoning: Benedict

Postal Workers: Gabriel

Skaters: Lidwina

Skiers: Bernard of Menthon

Skin Diseases: Marculf

Soldiers: Martin of Tours

Swordsmiths: Maurice

Tailors: Homobonus

Television: Clare of Assisi

Weavers: Paul the Hermit



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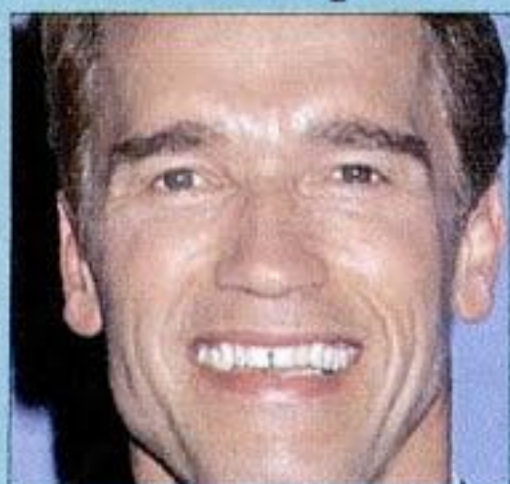
Men's Health
MAGAZINE



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Separated at Birth?



Right-wing nerd Arnold Schwarzenegger...



...and center square Jim J. Bullock?



Sexless Ellen DeGeneres...



...and degenerate sexstress Diana?



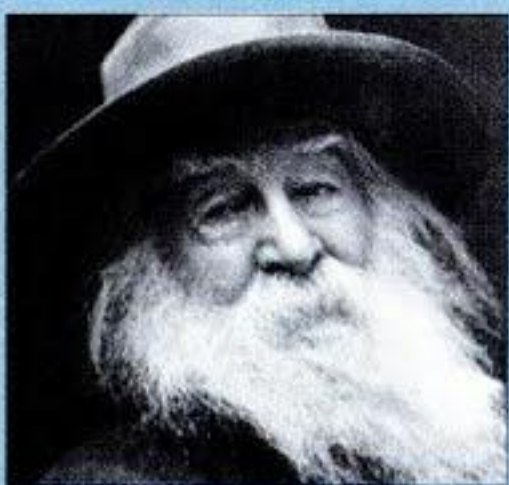
Baywatch Nights Speedo stuffer Angie Harmon...



...and Speed fluffer Sandra Bullock?



Semitic prophet Rabbi Menachem Schneerson...



...and anti-Semitic poet Walt Whitman?



Mega-liberal Geraldine Ferraro...



...and ultra-liberal Patricia Schroeder?

The World's Poorest Writers

All the Cliches That Are Fit to Print

Intellectual poverty at The N.Y. Times

What's the poorest country in the world? Well, if it isn't the United States—and it goddamn well isn't—who cares? That seems to be the attitude of *The New York Times*, anyway, whose vocabulary-challenged foreign correspondents tend to reach for the superlatives when there isn't a Godiva mint on their hotel pillow. They may be poor, but at least journalists in Guinea-Bissau can afford a thesaurus.—*Dave Hollingsworth*

"...one of the world's poorest countries [Afghanistan]..."

"Bangladesh remains one of the world's poorest nations."

"One of the poorest countries in the world, Bhutan is..."

"...in one of the poorest countries in the world [Burkina Faso]..."

"Burundi...is one of the poorest countries in the world."

"After a generation of civil war, Cambodia has been left one of the poorest nations in the world."

"Chad, among the world's poorest nations..."

"...places [China] among the world's poorest nations."

"The country [Comoro Islands] is among the world's poorest..."

"[Congo, Senegal, and the Ivory Coast], franc zone countries are...among the world's poorest."

"...in Ethiopia, one of the world's poorest countries."

"...officials in Guinea-Bissau, one of the world's poorest nations, agreed..."

"[Haiti] is already one of the world's poorest countries..."

"...most of the world's poorest countries, including China, Zaire, Bangladesh, Tanzania, Liberia, and Kenya..."

"Cambodia, Laos and Myanmar (formerly Burma) remain among

the poorest nations on Earth..."

"Lesotho...is one of the world's poorest countries."

"Madagascar, one of the poorest countries in the world..."

"Mali is one of the poorest nations on earth."

"...the nation [of Malawi], one of the world's poorest..."

"Mauritania and Senegal, two of [Africa's] poorest countries..."

"Mozambique, one of the world's poorest countries..."

"Nepal is one of the world's poorest countries..."

"...in one of the world's poorest countries [Niger]..."

"Nigeria...now ranks among the world's poorest countries..."

"Pakistan remains one of the poorest countries in the world..."

"Rwanda is one of the world's poorest countries."

"Sierra Leone's economy, one of the world's poorest..."

"...in Somalia, one of the poorest countries in the world."

"...the largest country in Africa and one of the poorest nations in the world [Sudan]."

"[Thailand] is among the world's poorest nations."

"[Uganda's citizens are] among the poorest on Earth."

"Vietnam remains one of the world's poorest countries..."

20

PERFORMANCE
PEPE JEANS
PRO/AM TEAM



Bedtime for Moammar

It Takes a Crazy, Nutty, Cuckoo Kind of Village

Head of state, colonel, and now children's book author Moammar Ghadhafi



You know him better as the wacky leader of Libya—sponsoring terrorists, developing nerve gases, torturing dissidents. But there's a tender side to Col. Moammar Ghadhafi, too. Skeptics are advised to check out his foray into children's publishing, *The Village...The Village, The Land...The Land, and The Astronaut's Suicide,*

with Other Stories. The book is a smash success in the Arab world, having sold out three printings. But Ghadhafi doesn't coddle youngsters with cutesie anthropomorphic helicopters. Instead, Uncle Moammar's Luddite camel tales marry themes familiar to children with just a wee bit of the Apocalypse.—Vernon Silver

Story: "The City"

Plot: The city is a festering hole of oppressive modern technology where people and cats get run over by cars.

Likely Sources/Inspirations: "The Country Mouse and the City Mouse" and The Unabomber's Manifesto

Gadhafi touch: "The city is fashion, amazement, a stupid mimicking, a damned consumption."

Story: "The Village"

Plot: The village is superior because of its down-home values and lack of control by industrial society.

Likely Sources/Inspirations: Hillary Clinton's *It Takes a Village* and The Montana Freeman

Gadhafi touch: "He escaped far away from the city, far away from the smog and carbon monoxide."

Story: "The Astronaut's Suicide"

Plot: An American spaceman comes back to Earth only to find that he has lost his job due to budget cuts. Disgruntled, he shoots himself when his lack of earthly skills means that he cannot even get work as a farmer.

Likely Sources/Inspirations: *I Dream of Jeannie* and Timothy McVeigh

Gadhafi touch: "He returned to Earth, afflicted with dizziness and nausea and death, and nothing was left but the truth, which is that the Earth, alone, is unique and the

source of life and life is water and food...and for this, man returned from his external circumscribing to the Earth's surface."

Story: "Escape to Hell"

Plot: A Bedouin hates his city life so much that he'd rather be in Hell. To get there, he gives up the power of his magic ring that can turn him into a Sultan or place any weapon in his hand instantly, including cross-border rockets. When he arrives in Hell, it is filled with wild animals who turn out to be more pleasant than scary.

Likely Sources/Inspirations: *Where the Wild Things Are*, *Lord of the Rings*, and Satan

Gadhafi touch: "I don't know the meaning of the word America, for who discovered it is not Columbus, but actually an Arab prince, but America owns the power and the agents

and owns the bases."

Story: "Death"

Plot: Ghadhafi's father keeps trying to lose his life in battle, to a snake and to various soldiers, among others, but everyone says they "would not, could not" kill him. Death finally comes as a peaceful intoxication when he surrenders to it in old age like he would surrender "to a woman."

Likely Sources/Inspirations: *Green Eggs and Ham* and Dr. Jack Kevorkian

Gadhafi touch: Modern drugs aren't necessary for treating diseases; "instead a long Egyptian song is sufficient, but the doctor complained against this and refused intrusion into his profession...actually the doctor's advice is not listening, lest it cause ramifications like puking."

Story: "Khellah Herbs & The Damned Tree"

Plot: Mankind destroys all of the forests for business and real estate development but can only cure itself with herbal remedies.

Likely Sources/Inspirations: *Bambi*, Donald Trump, and Ben & Jerry

Gadhafi touch: "Khellah is good for treating impotence and headaches."

Story: "The Land"

Plot: Treat planet Earth as if she were your very own mother.

Likely Sources/Inspirations:

Al Gore's *Earth in the Balance*, Woodstock, touring with the Grateful Dead, and Norman Bates

Gadhafi touch: "Don't bury her alive."



the BUBBA of CZZ

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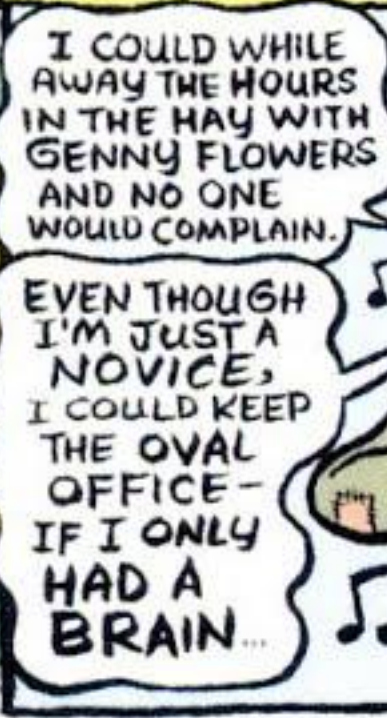
WHILE WATCHING THE SUMMER BLOCKBUSTER "TWISTER," A STRANGE THING HAPPENED TO BILL CLINTON...



HE AWOKED TO FIND HIMSELF A STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND.



HE MET A SCARECROW...



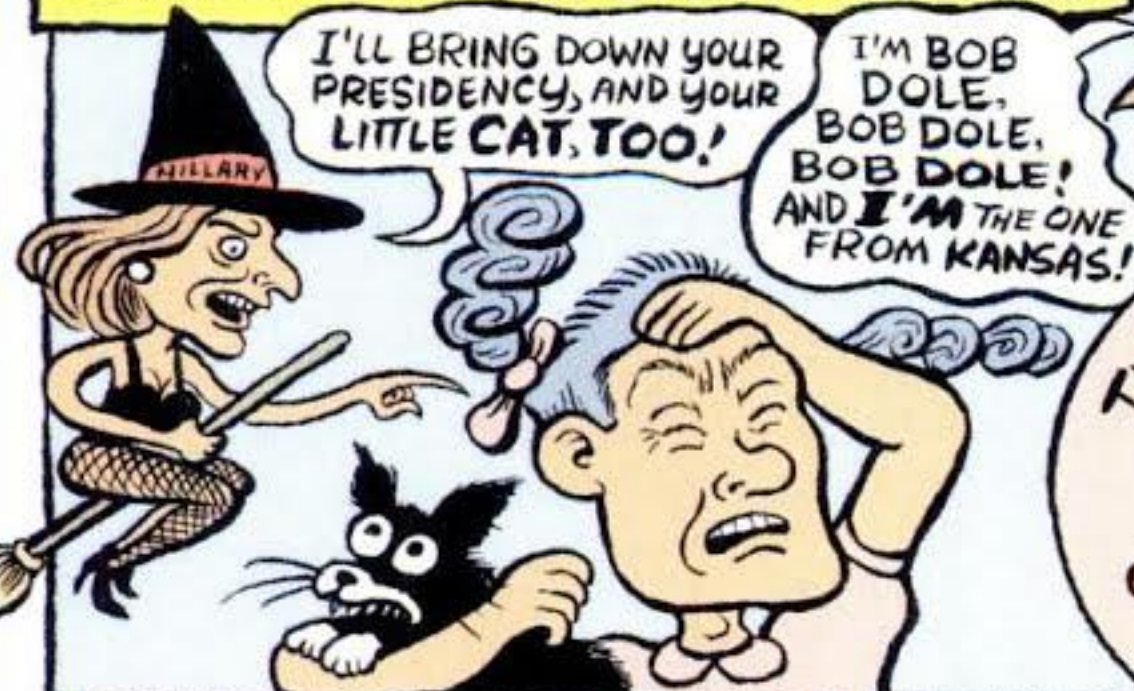
A TIN MAN...



AND A COWARDLY LION.



BUT THERE WAS TROUBLE ALONG THE WAY.



THE PRESIDENT WAKES UP, FEELING A LITTLE WOOLZY...



BELOW
The Beltway

Battle Hymn of the Play-Do Republic

IS THE REPUBLIC GOING TO HELL? At *The New Republic*,

Washington's fey journal of political parlor-think, where leading pinheads diagnose the latest social ills and parse the capital's tea leaves for the inevitably less informed, the signs of institutional meltdown

are piling up faster than White House-requested FBI files.

In an effort to stop the hemorrhaging, *The New Yorker's* Washington columnist, Michael Kelly, was brought in as editor. But though he may be versed in the capital's politics, it remains to be seen whether this outsider with no Ivy League credentials can survive the even more turbulent office politics at *The New Republic*.

First came the defections. Starting

last fall, names synonymous with the *Republic's* fabled greatness started dropping off the masthead like broken shingles. Four-eyed commentator Fred Barnes bolted for better pay at the *Republic's* upstart conservative rival, *The Weekly Standard*. Brahmin sharpie Michael Kinsley, good-hearted goober pundit prototype and author of the magazine's highly regarded "TRB" column, succumbed to the absurd Seattle craze—two years too late—and headed west to launch a magazine in cyberspace for Nerd Master-Racer Bill Gates's Microsoft. This amid rumors of a soured romance with Maureen Dowd, the wardrobe-obsessed columnist at *The New York Times*.

These departures were but one verse in a calamitous preppie diaspora. Other hoary *Republican* prophets had pointed the way. Jacob Weisberg took refuge at *New York* magazine and Morton Kondracke left for *Roll Call*, with occasional pitstops at that favorite *Republic* mesozoic waystation, the decrepit *McLaughlin Group*. Even TNR editor Andrew Sullivan sojourned into the desert after half a decade at the helm, revealing (with odd timing) his HIV-positive status. The 32-year-old

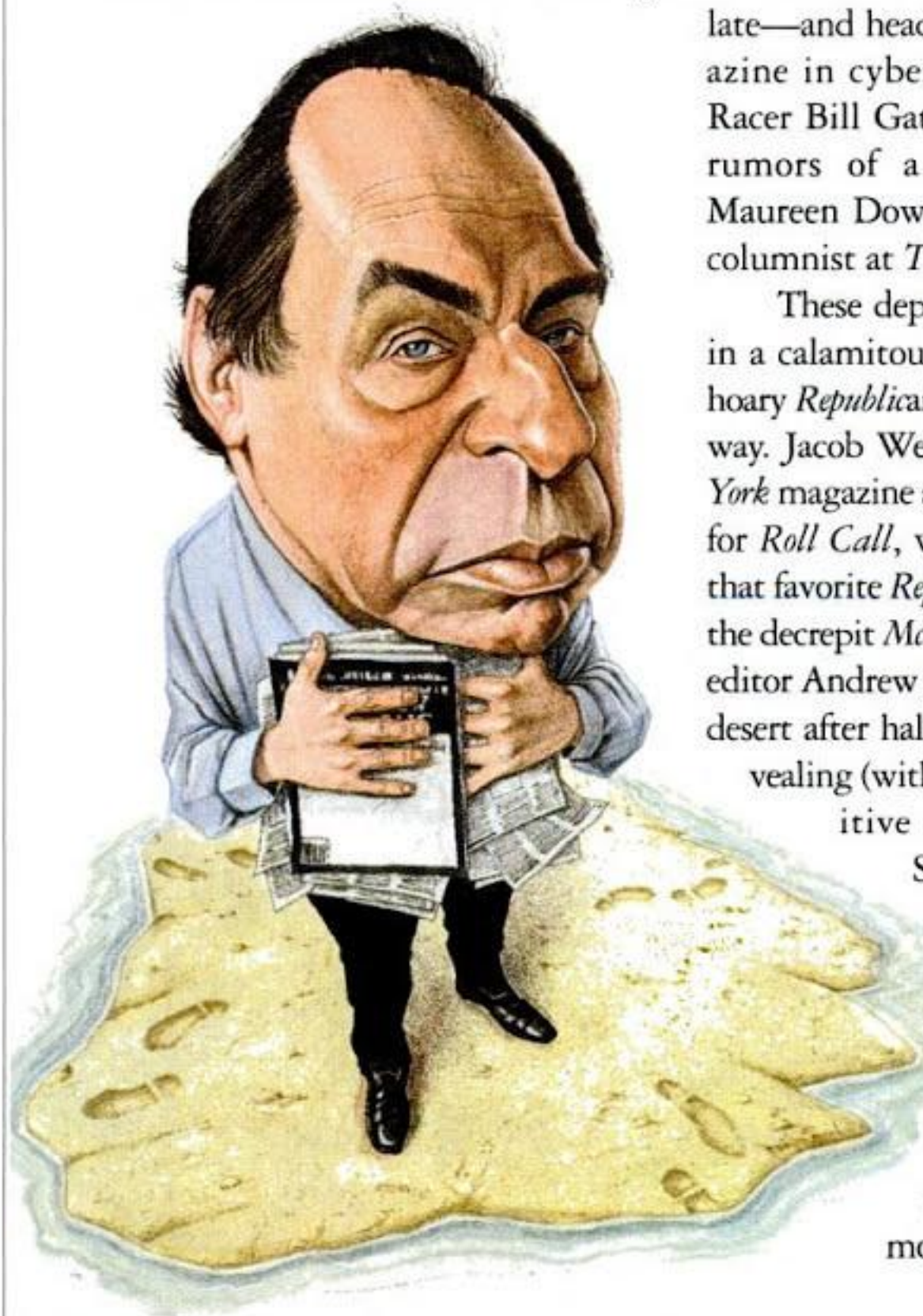
Sullivan's "resignation" brought an official end to TNR's so-'90s youth movement, as well as his own contentious reign. (Kelly, a model of journalistic competence, is almost 40 years old.)

But why would a savvy scribe of his stature take the job? It must be his Irish-Catholic upbringing—only a self-flagellating masochist would subject himself to the tender mercies of *Republic* editor-in-chief Marty "The Meddler" Peretz. Insiders like Michael Lind (who left for *The New Yorker*) and Michael Lewis (who turned down Kelly's job) knew that the *Republic's* top slot had its drawbacks, not the least of which was having to take Peretz's incessant phone calls from his snooty Cambridge, Massachusetts, roost.

THEY WOULD ALSO have to be ready to inherit the piano-sized libel suit brought against the *Republic* by a crony of Washington, D.C., Mayor Marion Barry.

The lawsuit stems from an article penned—allegedly, at least—by accused plagiarist Ruth Shalit, a correspondent whose word-snatching became so chronic and humiliating that her patron, Sullivan, finally suspended her. In this case, Shalit incorrectly reported the crony, Roy Littlejohn, a city contractor, had "served time." The now-infamous article had no less than 50 mistakes or untruths. You go, girl!

At least Sullivan's departure helped yank down the curtain on the overrated Shalit, whose last TNR defender is boyfriend Jeffrey Rosen, the magazine's legal correspondent. Rosen's expertise in the law has apparently been useless to his copyright-challenged sweetheart. Shalit is not allowed to write for TNR, but remains on the payroll, since firing her would be



like an admission of guilt in the lawsuit. Can't work, can't quit, gets paid...but this is hardly unusual in Washington.

Until Kelly entered the picture, Peretz had nobody of consequence left to boss around anymore. The histrionic editor-in-chief, whose mentor relationship with Vice President Al Gore is the subject of Foggy Bottom snickering, was finding that nobody wanted to play second banana at the *Republic* in a Peretz administration. Perhaps Kelly will enjoy being Peretz's other wooden dummy.

SPEAKING OF DUMB-asses, the tushy-fixated Michael Lewis might have been persuaded to take the helm if Peretz had a more callipygian caboose. Another reason Lewis may have turned down the editorship of a magazine that has published him so generously: Without anyone to edit him, Lewis's gridiron-worshipping, quasi-*Penthouse* "Letters" style would have spun even more out of control.

The young and accomplished Lewis, *TNR*-devotees may recall, dumped his first wife, married a gorgeous model, and then filed a glibly vulgar essay, published by the *Republic*, on what an absolute babe his second spouse was.

Atlanta airport. The Bloomingdale's model {Lewis's wife} stops to buy a frozen yogurt. I hover several yards behind her. Behind me two men stop and stare. I can't help but notice: they are staring at my wife's rear end. "Can you believe that shit?" one says loudly to the other. "That should be illegal," says the other. It's as if they belong to some sort of sexual tour group, and she is a stop on their itinerary....A crowd of increasingly vocal men is forming, and I am grateful when my wife is handed her vanilla swirl, and we are off....She lives as if in the eye of a storm.

He may as well have written, "I go to a large Southern school, and I never thought I'd be writing a political essay like this." He also noted that he was, at least "for a brief moment, the tamer of a lioness," and that, several weeks later, none other than Orenthal James Simpson, "the Juice himself, was pumping my hand and telling me with unnerving enthusiasm how lucky I was."

Juicier still is his essay on how straight

men can handle homosexual advances, presumably should gays ever be allowed to serve openly in the military. Lewis suggests practicing at your local YMCA. Here he recounts one of his own experiences:

For several months I was unable to go to the Y without bumping into a sad, gregarious, hairless young man. Seemingly all hours of day and night he stood across from me in the showers, and made eyes. Plan A, ignoring him, seemed only to encourage him, so I shifted to Plan B...., a more overt attempt to convey my true sexual identity, with a gruff conversational style and a side-to-side heteroswagger modeled in early youth on the back-to-the-buddle strut of the great running back Jim Brown. That didn't work either....Eventually the situation came to a head. They always do. One evening the young man followed me out of the showers. I gave him the slip on the way to my locker, where I dropped the towel from around my waist and attempted to leap into all my clothes at once. But as I hopped with one leg in a pair of boxer shorts, the hairless youth spoke softly into my right ear.

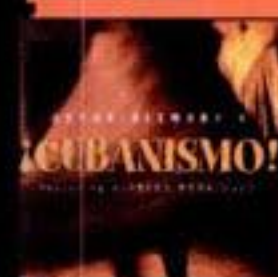
Ooh, Michael! Nice prose, babe. And you probably won't read this in *TNR*, but it turns out Lewis has dumped his catwalk cheesecake and is dating a woman less likely to rate a snide, sniggering write-up: MTV "News" correspondent Tabitha Soren, the Sweet Valley High School girl of political reportage.

Lewis and Soren, observers note, can barely keep their hands to themselves in mixed company, and have been spotted tongue-wrestling in public. While Lewis hasn't yet detailed his new flame's attributes in print, he did recently write a piece on MTV's civic-minded "Choose or Lose" enterprise, a favorite of Bill Clinton's, in which the dingbatty Soren travels the nation by bus, exhorting the video network's target audience of mouth-breathing mall rats to get out and vote.

Soren is a journalistic cipher whose syndicated column only proves what everybody always suspected about her generation's limited powers of reasoning. This hasn't stopped her, however, from becoming a semi-presence at Washington dinner parties, where her "bias-free" reporting is as anticipated as the new Whitesnake video.—*Crocker Jarmon*

You will please to party down to these albums in the summertime, happy young people!

JESÚS ALEMAÑ'S ¡CUBANISMO!
"Smokes like a fine cigar." ★★½
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Shell Shocked in Nigeria

"BURN WELL, BURN SHELL," promise the Anglo-Dutch oil company's ads.

"You can be sure of Shell," say others. But sure of what, exactly? A quick sight-seeing trip around

Shell operations in the tiny area of the Nigerian delta known as Ogoniland could, just possibly,

leave tourists thinking, "It's like Hell, Thanks to Shell."

In the Nigerian version of *The Beverly Hillbillies*, the poverty-stricken Ogoni people get no share of the bubbling crude that comes from under their homes—there's no sugar in their Texas tea. Instead of moving into the West African equivalent of Beverly Hills mansions, they are left to hang about among the oil derricks in shacks with no electricity or running water. And in this sitcom-cum-sitrag, after protesting their fate, Jethro and his family end up swinging from the gallows.

Shell plays no small part in this diabolical brew of oil and politics. The company's oil extraction has wreaked environmental havoc on the densely-populated, 400 square-mile region, both through its ravaging of the land and because of its corporate ineptitude. The toxic fumes from the flaring of waste gases—which cause poisonous hydrocarbons and acid rains to pollute the area—are common complaints of any area afflicted by oil drilling, but, according to Robin Pellew, the British director of the World Wide Fund for Nature (WWF), "More greenhouse gases were being emitted by Shell's

burning of gas in Nigeria than by all the residential houses in the United Kingdom combined." And unique to the unlucky Nigerians, Shell's sieve-like production system saw 2,700 oil spills in a five-year period, which ruined the vital water supply of this populace dependent on subsistence agriculture and fisheries. (Saboteurs caused 77 of 111 major spills,

Almost as bad as Shell's environmental atrocities were their effusions of hot air about non-interference in politics. Human rights activists have levied charges that Shell has blood, as well as oil, on its hands. The activists condemn Shell's tacit support of the Nigerian military government that has killed more than 2,000 Ogonis, primarily for protesting Shell's presence in the region.

Shell's flow of petrodollars—oil money, that is—into Nigeria has maintained a bloated military that has continually thwarted any attempt to reintroduce democracy, while giving the most populous country in Africa the continent's most corrupt government, drilling 80% of its revenues from oil. And areas like Ogoniland have always been at the very bottom of Nigeria's kleptocratic



Shell claims.) Perhaps Shell would be better-suited to manufacturing sprinklers than pipelines.

IN MY VIEW, Shell's responsibilities for developments leading to the current situation in the Delta is beyond any doubt," said Bopp van Dessel, no less than Shell's former environmental chief, to Britain's Granada television last May.

feeding chain, seeing none of the gold but all the black consequences of oil spills and gas burn-offs.

Well-known Nigerian playwright Ken Saro-Wiwa was a leader of the Movement for the Survival of the Ogoni People (MOSOP). MOSOP fought for increased Ogoni autonomy from the government, and compensation from Shell. As a result, the military government arrested

Saro-Wiwa and eight others on subversion charges. In the face of world outrage, the nine men were hanged last November.

Saro-Wiwa's brother, Owens, claims that he met with Brian Anderson, Shell's top executive in Nigeria, three times before the execution, asking him to intervene. According to Owens, Anderson implied that it was "difficult but not impossible" that the company could help with clemency—if the Ogoni activist campaign against Shell was called off. Though Anderson denies making that offer, Owens's pleas to the oil giant were echoed by human rights groups and others—Shell left *them* swinging, as well.

ALWAYS MASTERS OF good timing, Shell—a company that helped keep apartheid alive—announced a \$4 billion-plus natural-gas joint venture with the Nigerian government just a few days after the executions. Even the World Bank, not known for being on the cutting edge of progressive politics, had canceled a \$300 million loan for the same project in protest of the regime's acts. Shell maintains that it is not their business when the military executes people, even when the main business of the people executed was to protest Shell's behavior in the first place.

Shell has had cozy relationships with a succession of Nigerian military regimes, which it maintained even when General Sani Abacha set aside the results of the 1993 presidential election and imprisoned the winner, Mashood Abiola. But even though Abiola has not been executed—yet—his wife was assassinated last June. Prime suspects: hit-men from Abacha's Shell-friendly regime.

Shell should have no illusions about the nature of their friends and business partners. When the company called in the mobile police to control Ogoniland's first major anti-Shell demonstration in October 1990, the police killed more than 75 people and destroyed or badly damaged almost 500 houses. Even a Nigerian government commission decided that the mobile police had displayed "a reckless disregard for lives and property"; it's not surprising that the police are known locally as the "kill-and-go" squads. So when Shell again called

in the goons to combat MOSOP's demonstrations in 1993, it well knew that it was tapping deep reserves of savagery.

The police and army lived up to their reputation, massacring more than 2,000 people in Ogoniland and injuring many more, in the course of what the military referred to as "wasting operations." As Human Rights Watch concluded, "Because the Nigerian security forces have often employed grossly abusive measures to quell protests by residents of oil-producing areas against the activities of the multinational oil companies, the oil companies have a particular responsibility to address abuses perpetrated in this context." Needless to say, you won't see the question "Who killed more than 2,000 Ogonis in Nigeria three years ago?" in Shell's current Pocket Trivial Pursuit promotional giveaway.

Faced with calls for sanctions against Nigeria from such luminaries as Nelson Mandela and with boycotts against Shell from others, Shell Oil USA clams up when asked about its parent company's Nigerian connection, and refers media inquiries about Nigeria to London. There, Shell International spokesperson Eric Nickson told SPY, "We feel we are complying with our general business principles." Perhaps Shell USA's sensitivity to growing protests in the African-American community may have provoked its May announcement of a \$100,000 grant for an African-American Economic Development Conference in Washington.

Nigerian pro-democracy activist Folabi Olagbaju likens Shell's stateside generosity to its master plan in Ogoniland, where its offer to clean up spoiled sites is seen as an effort to "divide and neutralize popular opposition."

Shell spokesmen have said that if they withdrew from Nigeria, the French would move in immediately. Their dilemma was summed up in, of all places, a *Wall Street Journal* editorial about Myanmar, which said, "Once governments and companies climb into the boat with dictators, they are very reluctant to rock it lest their deals go overboard." In this particular shell game, the ethics always seem to vanish when the company makes its pick.—*Ian Williams* 🍷

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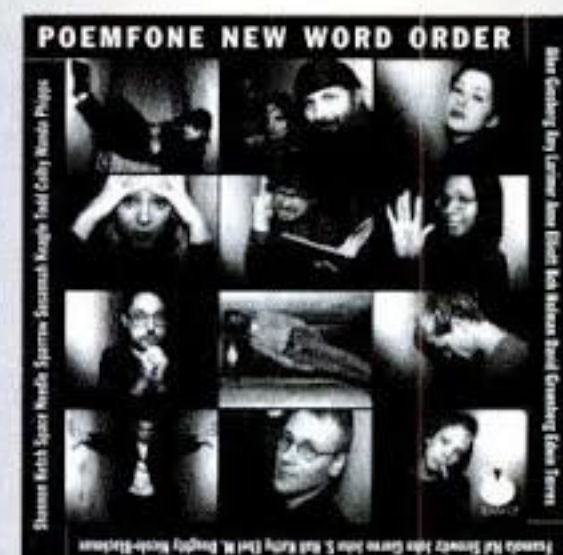
A MUSICAL GLOBAL VILLAGE

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Michel Sanchez: *Windows*

Co-creator, co-artist and co-composer of *Deep Forest*. *Windows*, Michel Sanchez's first solo album, is the next logical step in his evolution. He's been called a white witch doctor, international sonic surfer, cyber forester and techno-tribalist.



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TOMATO®

Cruise Control: *Mission Accomplished*

WHILE MAGAZINES SUCH AS *Vanity Fair*, *Premiere*, and *People* have all

kissed their share of celebrity bum, they have consciously remained several notches above the nadir of shameless puffery that is *In Style*. Then along came *Mission: Impossible* and its primo prima donna, Tom Cruise.

Last June, the occasionally bearded thespian was the subject of excruciatingly upbeat, deifying profiles in each of these three publications, journalistic valentines that made *In Style* look like, well, SPY.

The poster boy for Scientology is a notorious image controller. But when Cruise took the helm as producer of a major Hollywood movie, Paramount's *Mission: Impossible*, even industry insiders were surprised at the new heights of media manipulation to which the diminutive top gun seemed able to soar.

Normally, a movie studio handles all publicity for the release of its product. For Cruise's producerial debut, however, he wrested publicity detail away from Paramount and gave the plum assignment to his personal publicist, Pat "Pitbull" Kingsley of PMK. Kingsley, one of the biggest capos in the publicity mafia, has a reputation for exerting total control over client media coverage, including denying access to and abruptly ending interviews with her coterie of stars. By snatching publicity from Paramount and handing the account to his lackey Kingsley, Cruise was able to achieve the control-freak's ultimate dream: absolute power. And in so doing, he has made mortal enemies of Hollywood's electronic press corps.

The buzz phrase ringing throughout the disgruntled electronic press is "Cruise Control." The stringent measures taken by the actor/producer to manipulate what is and is not reported about him has provoked a visceral reaction

among journalists in major broadcast outlets, international wire services, and even local affiliates. "On the biggest movie of the summer," fumed one reporter, "all journalistic ethics must be given up, and you have to bend to his publicity machine, and that is a problem."

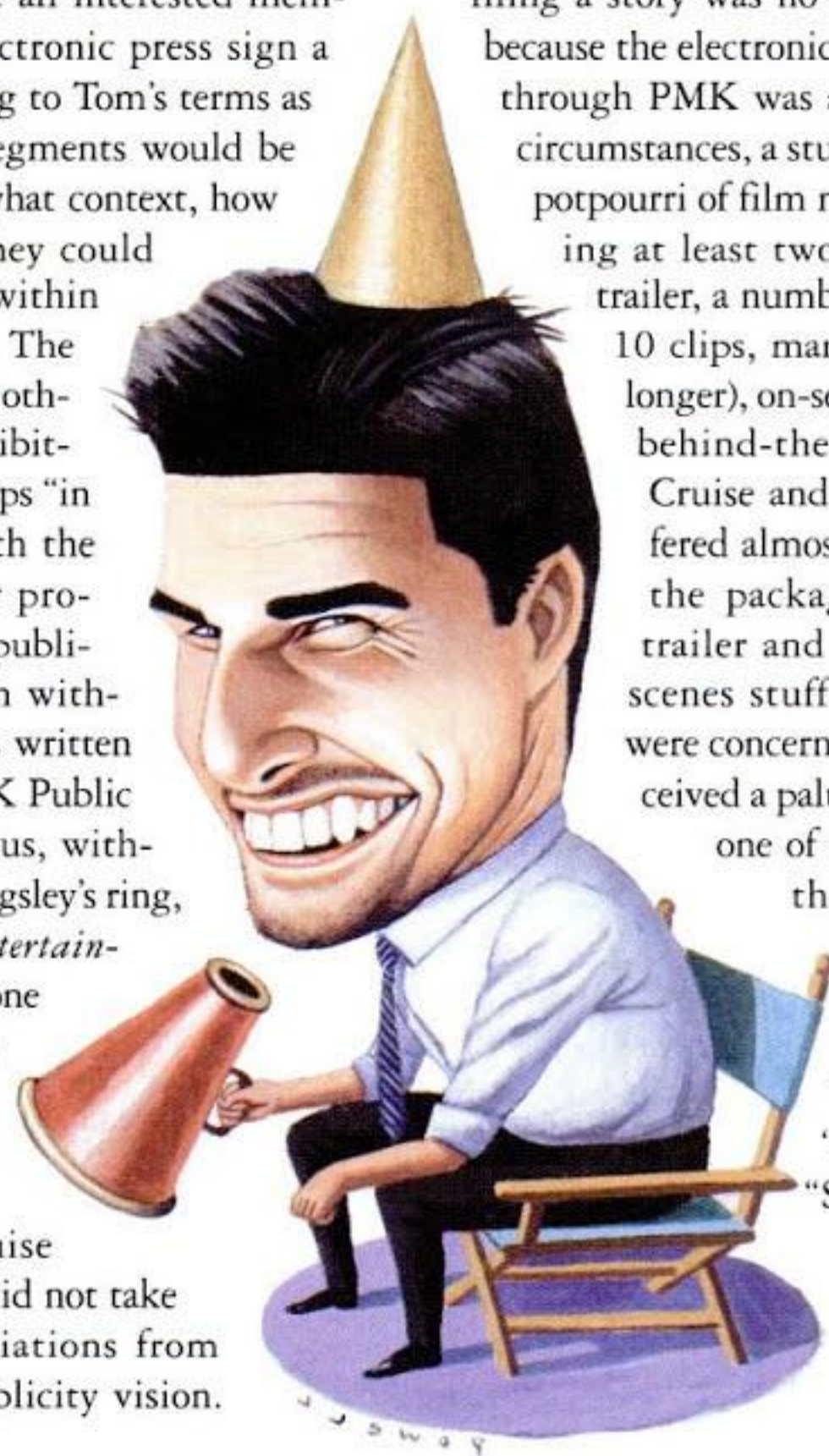
AS PER CRUISE'S orders, Kingsley made all interested members of the electronic press sign a waiver, agreeing to Tom's terms as to when any segments would be aired, within what context, how many times they could be aired, and within what window. The waiver, among other things, prohibited the use of clips "in connection with the advertising or promotion of any publication/program without the express written consent of PMK Public Relations." Thus, without kissing Kingsley's ring, your local *Entertainment Tonight* clone couldn't hope to adequately promote their lead story.

And Cruise and company did not take kindly to deviations from their strict publicity vision.

When an L.A. entertainment reporter requested a response to an earlier unresolved media flap regarding Cruise's private life, Kingsley threw a hissy fit, called off the interview, and ensured no copy of Cruise's fumbblings survived on tape.

Even once an interview *had* been secured and completed without incident, filing a story was no easy task. That's because the electronic press-kit offered through PMK was a sham. In usual circumstances, a studio will deliver a potpourri of film material, containing at least two versions of the trailer, a number of clips (up to 10 clips, many 60 seconds or longer), on-set interviews, and behind-the-scenes footage. Cruise and his handlers offered almost none of that—the package included no trailer and no behind-the-scenes stuff. As far as clips were concerned, the media received a paltry five—and not one of them was longer than 48 seconds.

Worse, four of the five clips—"Abort, Abort," "Another Team," "Find Him," and "Simple Game"—were boring "talking heads" filler, rather than the

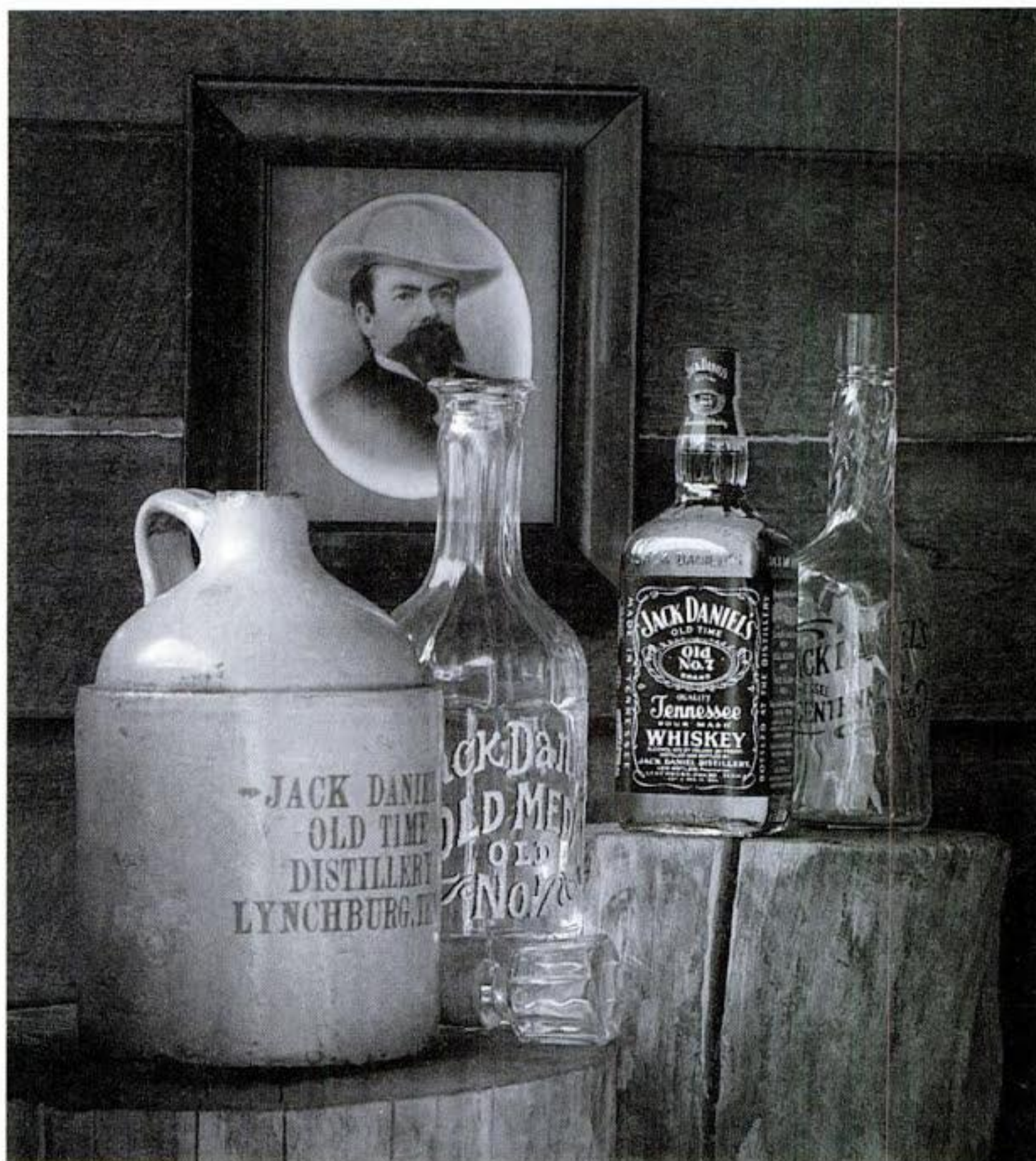


sexy stuff the media needs to promote an action blockbuster. There was only one action segment included in the package—"Hanging On"—but even that was a near-useless 16 seconds, necessitating slow motion and looping tricks just to make it palatable for a remote-happy TV audience.

With short clips, no trailer, and no behind-the-scenes stuff to work with, Tommy Boy made all the right moves in rendering a long story, and perhaps more importantly, a *negative* story, a mission impossible for the electronic media—there would be nothing to cut it with. Of course, had there been any behind-the-scenes footage, viewers would have been treated to an emasculated director, Brian DePalma, being directed by control-freak Cruise.

There is an historical precedent to these strongarm maneuvers. The E! Channel once boycotted coverage of another Cruise film—*Interview With the Vampire*—because of Cruise-controllish p.r. tactics. The unbearable 'tude from PMK (especially clueless functionary Tracy Mosh) was, "If you don't like what we're offering, don't cover it." They knew full well, of course, that no responsible news organization could ignore the then biggest movie of the summer.

But Cruise saved his most inspired stunt for fans of the original television series *Mission: Impossible*. The TV show portrayed the antics of double- and triple-agents in the Cold War, ironic in light of Cruise's attempt to play Big Brother by quelling any reference to the original program. The media was told by Paramount that clips from the TV show were unavailable, although Paramount owns the rights to them. The star of the TV version, Peter Graves, was not even given the courtesy of an invite to the movie premiere, at which Cruise's Scientology buddies were crawling everywhere. Graves is not taking this snub lying down—he's publicly claiming equity in the TV show and seeking remuneration from film proceeds. He's not alone in hoping that Tom Cruise will self-destruct in five seconds.—CC Baxter



We hope you'll raise a glass to Mr. Jack Daniel sometime in September. As we see it, you have 30 days to choose from.

THIS SEPTEMBER marks Mr. Jack Daniel's 150th birthday. Or maybe, as some say, his 146th.

The exact date of our founder's birth remains a mystery to this day (folks weren't too good at keeping records in those days). Some in Lynchburg say he was born in 1850, others claim it was 1846. While no one is exactly sure just when Mr. Jack was born, those who enjoy a smooth sippin' Tennessee Whiskey, we believe, are mighty glad he was.

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Fancy cigars aren't just for
hollywood moguls and
zoot-suited gangsters anymore.

SMOKE

These days, it seems
you can't go anywhere
without some
pretentious loud-
mouth trying to bend

your ear about the
"nutty finish" of his
noxious premium
stogie. Have we all
gone mad?

290991M

By Bruno Maddox

ITS AMAZING HOW FAST this English language of ours can change. The latest edition of Webster's, usually first to provide a listing for *website*, *phat*, or *jordanaire*, stodgily defined the Spanish word *aficionado* as "a person who likes, knows about, and appreciates a usually fervently pursued interest or activity." One can only presume that, in these troubled times, some crackhead lexicographer dropped an index card somewhere, because over the last four years—the four years during which cigar smoking has become a national obsession on the heels of *Cigar Aficionado* magazine—the "street" definition of *aficionado* has surely shifted closer to that of *wanker*.

Gone are the days when a huge cigar was the world's most explicit non-metallic symbol of pure wealth, a mad epoch in which fat-cat traders and bondsmen would habitually light their massive stogies from burning hundred-dollar bills to leave onlookers in no doubt that their personal net worth had, seconds earlier, been at least \$106.50, and probably a good deal more than that. These were bad men—tacky, graceless, and puerile—and they smoked expensive cigars simply because they *were* expensive. At bottom, however, the message they were sending to the public was an honest one: "We both know I'm an asshole, but I couldn't care less because I'm richer than you."

Cigar smokers these days are less likely to stomp around yelling "Sell, you idiot!" into a wafer-thin cell-phone than they are to lounge conspicuously in a cloud of smoke, wracking their brains for descriptive terms. They are still predominantly rich and conservative; but using cigars to flaunt your wealth is out. Using them to flaunt your connoisseurship and the wealth of your sumptuous inner world, where leaf-flavors and draw-strengths and smooth nutty finishes gambol over the dramatic scenery of your discriminating personhood is firmly, and tragically, in. For erstwhile fans of this once proud-to-be-shallow country, the air is getting pretty thin.

FULL-BODIED DRAG

It's hard to overstate the scale of the cigar situation. Though at 2.9 billion, we're a long way from breaking the 1964 record of 8.9 billion cigars smoked, these totals include the vast numbers of

cheap, often plastic-tipped, surreally fruit-flavored stogies smoked by old men at racetracks. In terms of premium cigars, every year since 1992 has seen a 40 percent rise in this country's consumption, and that's not including the millions of cigars smuggled in from Cuba each year.

Bars and clubs dedicated to the incineration of fine cigars have sprung up in our cities, and black-tie cigar tastings and appreciation nights are suddenly a hot ticket. "They're fun," says Bill Fader, executive director of the Retail Tobacco Dealers of America, and a household name on the Baltimore cigar circuit. "You smoke a cigar, or maybe you smoke two cigars, it's a fun thing to do." Even with double-digit cigars, one suspects, wedged and bundled into every conceivable orifice, it would be hard to have enough "fun" to warrant choosing to do in the company of obnoxious stuffed shirts what one could easily and more peacefully do at home.

Perhaps the most telling statistic is that there are 30 percent more tobaccoists than there were five years ago, despite the fact that, alien UFO-battling jet pilots aside, Americans are consuming less tobacco. These heavily-paneled emporia, where a sad old man and/or an adorable young babe will listen to you dither self-importantly for an hour or so before respectfully clipping the end off your selection for you and swaddling it in a little baggie, are the key to the cigar renaissance. This nation isn't obsessed with cigars; it's obsessed with fancy cigars and with being seen as the kind of people that can tell

them apart. For very few of us is it actually about "fun."

NUTTY TOBACCO CHARACTER

Everyone agrees that the current cigar nightmare is totally the fault of one Marvin Shanken, publisher and editor-in-chief of the thick and glossy *Cigar Aficionado* magazine. Graduating last in his class from the University of Miami—itsself no mean achievement—Shanken spent a few years as an investment banker on Wall Street before plucking up the courage to follow his dream of drinking lots of alcohol.

Shanken renovated a tired, liquor-industry newsletter and eventually amassed enough cash to take over a more influential booze-hound journal, *The Wine Spectator*. His dream was to publish a magazine that was about more than just wine. Wine would be merely the leitmotiv, the starting point for an unending series of forays into the heady world of the connoisseur. It was a nice idea, but everyone drinks wine: women, children, the French. For Shanken's dream to truly become an obnoxious, snobbish reality, he needed a luxury product with a more tangible demographic, and he found it in cigars.

If you like smoking cigars, runs the theory behind *Cigar Aficionado*, then you probably also like a specific range of other activities: playing golf, being pretentious, flying private jets, speaking very loudly in public, and thinking of yourself as a member of an exclusive bad-boy club. By filling his magazine with in-depth articles not just about cigars, but about these satellite activities as well, Shanken could present his advertisers with a tightly-defined demographic group, a large number of whom would be pulling in at least \$250,000. The more specific his target audience—as long as they were rich—the more likely that his inane magazine, even with a tiny circulation, could stay afloat on its ad-revenue alone. In 1992, with his master plan in place, Shanken took a

deep-breath and released his brainchild into the wild: a cigar-driven lifestyle manual for that legion of businessman-millionaires who do very little but sit around trying to convince each other that they secretly work for the CIA.

In light of the magazine's narrow appeal, no one, not even Shanken, could have foreseen what happened next: Lots of people started buying it, mystifyingly eager to join an exclusive club of middle-aged suspender-wearers with an obscure and smelly habit. Each issue's Photo Gallery, where bullish aficionados send in pictures of themselves squatting devilishly next to their cigar-hyping vanity license plates (CGARS, CIGARSMOKR, CEEGARS, and the ostentatious CIGAR 6) was featuring fewer Mercs and more Harleys. Shanken was truly eating his cake and having it too: an exclusive, openly snobbish high-end product that everyone seemed to want to buy.

STRAWLIKE PUFFING

With a series of dazzling publicity coups, Shanken fanned the flames of his magazine's populist appeal. As well as persuading cigar hall-of-famer Fidel Castro to pose for the cover, Shanken made a huge splash by forking out \$574,500 in April of this year for JFK's personal humidor at the Kennedy's post-Jackie garage sale. When the final gavel went, even Shanken was shocked by the price, especially considering that the glorified cigar box had been a gift to the president from no less a statesman than self-styled "comedian" Milton Berle. (Berle is a pathetic example of what Shanken's magazine likes to term "ultimate aficionados": George Burns-ish figures whom the public has forgotten nearly everything about except for the fact that they smoke cigars.) For Shanken, though, the humidor was more than just a piece of memorabilia: "Like so many in my generation, I admired, if not actually worshiped, the senator from Massachusetts...and as my passion for fine cigars developed, I felt an even deeper kinship with the president who

died too young." An empathy that Shanken presumably also feels with cigar-smokers Sigmund Freud, Timothy McVeigh, and actress-who-will-die-too-old Whoopi Goldberg.

As the magazine's profile began to soar, lightweight celebs bent on deepening their image started streaming out of the woodwork to get on the magazine's cover. Like *Architectural Digest*, *Cigar Aficionado* is one of those rare avenues for stars to get the message out that they have an interior life, that there is a discriminating individual behind the superficial doll that their studio or record company has created. Who'd have thought Linda Evangelista has enough of a brain to prefer robustos to coronas, or that Rush Limbaugh takes time off from being a motormouth demagogue to kick back in a chair and think open-mindedly about draw and flavor, or frankly that Matt Dillon even knows how to peel the cellophane off a premium cigar:

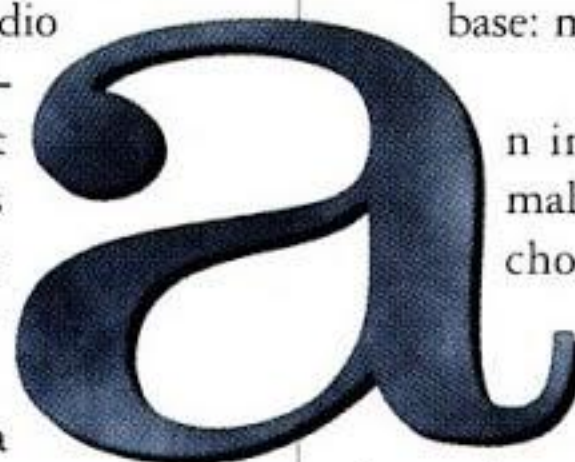
The heavy door of the limo swings open and Dillon emerges into the middle of the street. He grins ear to ear while he steps between the stationary cars, surveys the scene, and flows into the crowd. He breathes deeply and walks briskly down the sidewalk, smiling and saying hello to just about anyone who recognizes him. He fires up a panatela-sized Hoyo de Monterrey Margarita. "Man, I love this city," he says, taking a drag on the Cuban cigar and walking through the masses of people. "This is what it's all about."

If one were to delete all the details of Dillon's brand preference from this sequence—his choice of a Hoyo de Whatever—it would read like a portrait of a generic himbo on parade. By suggesting to the reader that Dillon selected a panatela-sized cigar over perhaps maybe a robusto, suddenly he's a modern-day Kerouac, dissecting the teeming, funky metropolis with a connoisseur's precision, "A Rebel With Class" according to the Spring '96 cover line. Shanken himself has used the magazine to profound up his image, metamorphosizing over the life

of the magazine from a shiny-faced, power-tie wonk to a stubbly, cravated lothario, truly the Al Goldstein of high-end tobacco.

GENTLE SMOKE, UNCOMPLEX


"A woman is just a woman," wrote Kipling, "but a good cigar is a smoke." Aficionados love this sort of gibberish. By failing to make any sense whatsoever, Kipling geniusly gives voice to the *je ne sais quoi* of truly fine cigars, while defining their traditional user base: men.



an increasing number of non-males, however, are recklessly choosing to dance with Dr. Browntube. Madonna likes robust Hondurans, Lauren Hutton regularly plugs the gap in her teeth with a 41 ring-gauge Dominican H. Uppman, and the June issue of *Playboy* offers graphic proof that playmate of the month "Angel" has at least once smoked a cigar with only a set of well-coiffed labia into which to tap her ash.

During the suffrage-movement and the early days of organized lesbianism, of course, women used to smoke cigars all the time to demonstrate, in a very crude way, their equality to men. While it may seem really well-balanced and Utopian that, here in the nineties, even vivacious, slinky women can publicly smoke cigars—it is, perhaps, the sort of thing a character on *Star Trek: The Next Generation* might do—it turns out that the aficionados's motivations are every bit as affected and symbolic as those of their forbears.

Cigar-bar giants Bar and Books, Ltd., recently undertook a study of the female cigar smokers in its Manhattan flagship joint, The Cigar Bar. The results were startling. Nearly all of the women cited how they *looked* in the act of smoking as a major factor in their decision to start puffing cigars: "I look sophisticated and cool"; "Like the queen instead of just a princess." Equally popular was the "statement" they assumed they were sending: "I loved shocking my



In a recent survey of female Cigar Bar patrons, nearly all of the women cited how they looked in the act of smoking as a major factor in their decision to start puffing cigars.

The Cigar Bar Chronicles I

In aficionado culture, strangers have perfect freedom to approach one another and propose a premium-cigar barter. To test the limits of this bizarre economy, we armed ingenue infiltrator Emily Hellstrom with the world's *cheapest* cigars—the Phillies Blunt, the dreadful, licorice-flavored Avanti—and watched the vultures swoop. We join in progress:

Cigar Guy: I particularly prefer a Cameroon wrapper. Maduros are very tasty, and the wrapper gives a lot of flavor to the cigar.

SPY: Do you think you could do, like, a trade? Would you maybe be interested in trading?

What do you mean?

Like, I heard that it was a big thing to trade.

Umm. I have an Uppmann in my bag. I have a Churchill in my bag.

I love the ones with the tips on them. It gives me a place to chew on. You want to try it? If you like it, maybe you could give me one of your fancy ones—I'll give you the whole pack.

You mean trade?

Yeah, we'll do a trade.

[brusquely] Well, when you read the magazine, you'll find out that those are machine-made cigars.

Yeah?

And they are made from chopped-up tobacco, which is the ends of tobacco, okay? Not the best tobacco.

I don't know, I always feel fancy with the little tip on the end, I feel, like, sophisticated, you know?

That's not important. That's not really a good cigar.

The Cigar Bar Chronicles II

The ultimate pretension of the cigar aficionado is that, deep down, he thinks he's different from other smokers. Sure, he'll attend the occasional black-tie cigar event, become a fixture at The Cigar Bar, and even have a subscription to The Magazine. But in his private world, he knows he is different: a little bit lonely, a little bit misunderstood, a little bit—perhaps—of a genius.

Cigar Genius: Good cigars, this place. You can face the fireplace—the place up-town, the fireplace faces the bar, but the whole front opens up, so I usually go there to read. In the summertime, they have armchairs.

SPY: Wow. Sounds...

You see that movie *Touch of Evil*? With Orson Welles? Marlene Dietrich comes out of that beaded curtain and she's smoking a cigar.

She looks great.

She always did. Well, my name is Brian.

Hi Brian, nice to meet you. I'm Emily. Emily?

Yes.

Dickinson?

I beg your pardon?

I'm sorry, you have that air about you. Emily Dickinson?

Ha ha. Not Dickinson. So you're a big cigar guy, huh?

Like once a week. Christ, you know what heavy cigar smokers smell like?

So what first got you into them?

I went to a wedding once. An English guy had a box of cigars for after dinner, you know. The English know how to live—let's not knock 'em for their style—and I tell you, everyone had a cigar, and it was like, "A glass of port, please!" It was really...

Right, very relaxing...so what is it for you, the cigar thing? Just this bonding?

To be honest and frank, talking about cigars is like *Frasier* talking about white wine—after the initial run-through it's...enough already. It's a pastime, it's not a religion. You should meet some of the guys here, they talk over my head, I don't know what they're talking about.

Oh yeah.

This is a nice place, though. You ever been here in the fall? It's nice in the wintertime. When it starts getting warm, they kill the fireplace. You sit here with a drink, after a tough week, look at that fire and you start to imagine. The Indians knew. They had nothing but a fireplace, that's all they needed.

And what are you imagining?

I'm thinking just...about some stuff.

boyfriend's preppy friends" or "one of the boys, but more daring." None of the women went on record with anything to the effect of "Please leave me alone, I'm unaffectedly trying to enjoy my cigar."

They had also put a lot of thought into how to "feminize" a traditionally male activity. "The way you hold it, the way you use your lips on the cigar," said one semiotically-challenged aficionada. "Take long deep draws and exhale slowly," whispered another. "Hold the cigar—gently—and blow the smoke—up in the air with your lips down," ventured yet another sultry trenddoid. Ask a silly question. None of the women surveyed seemed able to ignore the cigar's obvious visual similarity to that other penis-shaped symbol of male privilege, the penis.

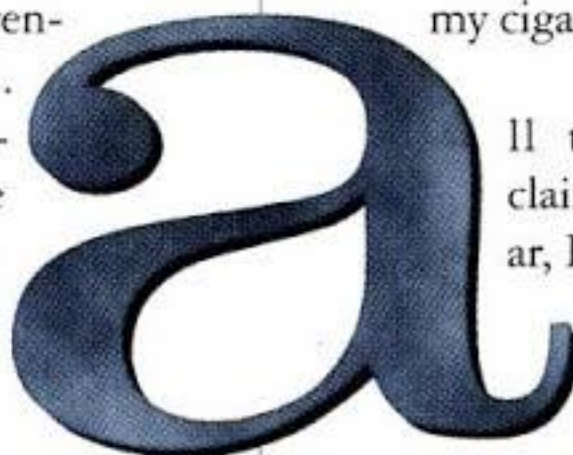
ROUGH-LOOKING WRAPPER, SOFT FRUITY CORE

Ask any aficionado why he or she *really* smokes cigars, and most of them will know what you are getting at, and smugly confess to relishing the supposed political incorrectness of the whole thing: the frisson that comes from making some salad-eating liberal choke on carcinogenic pillows of smoke from what is still, even at a mere \$11, essentially a burning wad of cash. "Educated people are simply tired of big government telling them what you can do and what you can't do," reasons Bill Fader guns-'n'-ammoishly. "You can't eat red meat, you can't eat sugar, God forbid you should eat bacon—that'll kill you real fast. Cigar smoking is a PC backlash." Shanken himself never tires of boasting that his wife won't let him smoke in the house—a further boost to the rebel image of a man commonly seen prancing around town in suspenders and a red satin cummerbund. But where cigar smokers gleefully detect political correctness, and rail against it like teenagers against a curfew, the reality is often far less sinister.

C-list actor, and perhaps H-list director, Peter "Robocop" Weller, whose filthy cigar habit earned him an absurd-

ly long feature in *Aficionado's* Spring issue, had a nasty run-in with the forces of political correctness while brandishing a stogie in Canada.

"I was outside, in a very lively part of Toronto," fumes the mighty-morphin has-been. "There are a lot of bistros and cafés outside, way outside, with huge gardens. I light up a Lusitania and a guy four tables away comes up and says, 'Would you please put out your cigar?' Now, I look at this as a confrontation. Nothing was blowing his way. He was in my face and I said, 'No, I am not going to put out my cigar.'"



ll this from a man who claims, "When I smoke a cigar, I am happy. It is kind of a momentary celebration. [It] calms me down and makes me more accessible.

It makes me kinder." The fact that the plaintiff was seated four tables away, however, should have tipped Weller off that the dangers of passive smoking were not in this case the issue. And even in Weller's unusual case—having built a substantial acting career on tiny movements of his lower lip—would anyone genuinely lose sleep over the prospect of his developing mouth cancer and having to have his jaw removed? Not bloody likely.

What probably happened was that Weller's fellow diner had correctly inferred by the affected manner in which Weller was smoking his fine cigar that Weller was a complete loser. And he was merely trying to do society a favor by ruining the robo-nobody's meal. The public generally *does* disapprove of cigar aficionados, meaning that yes, in a sense, they are the social outlaws they imagine themselves to be. But it's less to do with the clouds of smoke they blow everywhere than it does with the fact that everyone thinks they're pathetic.

IMMATURE CUBAN NOTES

It's relatively easy to get obsessed with Cuba. The island is, after all, 93 miles from the coast of the U.S. and the only country in the world Americans aren't al-

Travelers gravitate to cigar sweat shops where they wax poetic about the deftness of underpaid old women's hands



themselves, where they do their best to wax poetic about the deftness of underpaid old women's hands and conduct a hamfisted, fawning interview with their mustachioed slavedriver. They then smoke themselves sick on the cigar equivalent of cookie dough and float back to their hotels: tired, happy, and utterly ridiculous.

According to Bill Fader, it's an open secret in the cigar industry that Cuban cigars are not particularly pleasant to smoke. "I'm quite

lowed to visit. From the moment Kennedy slapped an embargo on Castro's fledgling Utopia—having presciently filled his now-famous humidor with Cuban H. Uppmans—Cuban cigars became de rigueur for inner sanctum aficionados. Dropping oblique hints about one's "connections" became as much a part of smoking a fine cigar as actually lighting the thing. "Getting them is the ultimate mission," sighs Shanken of his Cuban smokes. "I have friends who will help me in my struggle." So is it a coincidence that Cuban cigars, illegal in the States, always top Marvin Shanken's closed-door taste-testings for *Cigar Aficionado*? No, it isn't. Rather like one of those over-imaginative little boys who print "TOP SECRET" on every thank-you letter to their grandmother, Shanken gives all Cuban cigars a top ranking, and then inserts a petulant "N/A" next to each one where the price in dollars would otherwise be listed.

The ultimate thrill for the James Bondish aficionado is to make a covert trip to Cuba himself, and *Aficionado's* pages are full of their dismal travelogues. After a few stale musings on the faded grandeur of Havana and the spooky feel of late 20th-century Communism, the travelers invariably gravitate to the cigar sweatshops

sure that one of these days, when the U.S. does resume relations with Cuba, everyone will jump on the bandwagon; they'll try to smoke a Cuban cigar and immediately revert back to the Dominican, Honduran blends." Mark Grossich, co-owner of The Cigar Bar, agrees. "A lot of it is hype. It's like the Cadillac. The Cadillac worked its way into our nomenclature—the Cadillac of this category, the Cadillac of that category—as a statement of all things that are the best of the best and God knows the Cadillac has been a piece-of-shit car for a lot of years." Cuban cigars may not be quite of fecal quality, but considering that most premium Dominican and Honduran cigars these days are made with exported Cuban leaves by exported Cuban workers in climates identical to Cuba's, it's safe to assume that many aficionados's fondness for Cuban cigars is delusional. Forbidden fruit, anyone?

SEMI-SWEET FINISH

In their Cuba-crazy connoisseurship, as in the other rituals of their childish little club, cigar aficionados are so taken in by their own pretension that they don't try particularly hard to hide it. As far as they are aware, the rest of the world perceives

them as free spirits, blessed and cursed with superhuman powers of taste and discrimination. Would the boom have happened without Shanken's magazine? Almost certainly not, but rare are the nations where so many people actually don't have a fully-developed interior life, and badly need to wave a symbolic token around to prove they do.

Shanken's triumph is that he's managed to make the premium cigar a symbol of profundity on a par with owning a sprawling mansion full of tasteful art. The secret of his

success, and of the entire cigar boom, is that relative to other symbols of well-rounded personhood, cigars are very, very cheap. Given that many hard-core smokers only consume about five cigars a week, even at \$15 a pop they're not spending much more than they would to sustain, say, a Newport or Marlboro habit.

One evening during the Franco-Prussian war, Otto von Bismarck was riding across a gore-spattered battlefield when he noticed a young soldier—one of his—bleeding to death in a dignified way. Overcome with compassion, the Iron Chancellor reached into one of his leather saddlebags and whipped out the last of his fine Dutch cigars, which he ordered ignited and stuck between the soldier's teeth. With his dying breath, the dragoon thanked von Bismarck, but wondered if next time he couldn't rustle up something with more of a Caribbean feel to it, maybe from Honduras? Though the young man thankfully died, his pretentious spirit has never been more alive.

"We are not lepers," wrote Marvin Shanken in the Winter 1994 issue of *Aficionado*, protesting a wave of anti-smoking legislation. True enough, but the thing about lepers—with their little bells on sticks, their no-noseness, their cries of "Unclean, Unclean"—was that at least you could see the bastards coming. ☺

THE OL' CO

Those institutes of higher learning—or “colleges”—are pretty cool, aren't they, with their nice trees and fancy books and all? Think again, suckah. Lurking behind the ivy-covered halls are marauding athletes, bizarre mascots, arousing newspapers, and overanxious fundraisers.



ILLEGAL SPY



Kermit the Frog said something very interesting in his commencement address to Long Island University last June. NOT! The guy's a frog! Wake up, people!

What's happening to our once-valued educational foundation? Commencement addresses are being given by rectally controlled amphibians. Harvard University—our most prestigious learning center—has become an assembly line for cutthroats and “mailbommers.” And last spring, Montclair State University issued an honorary degree to Bruce “Einstein” Willis.

Convinced that higher education couldn't really have slipped that far, SPY went straight to the source. We asked students to put down their bongos, leave their hackey-sacks hovering in the air for a second, and shoot from the hip about why college is no longer the bees' knees. What do they hate about their schools? Is it possible to keep a straight face while rooting for the Wonderboys? We also took it upon ourselves to execute a demonic prank that is guaranteed to send us straight to Hell. Gosh, if only we had worked this hard in college.

Exile on Brain Street

There's a lot of truth in the old axiom "If it ain't broke, don't fix it," but, more noticeably, some dreadful grammar, as well. Maybe if our higher educational system weren't so "broke," we could craft some proverbs that actually function syntactically. But that's not *all* that's wrong with college.

With plummeting test scores, rising tuition costs, and increasingly buzz-killing dating regulations, you don't have to be a Public Sanitation major to realize that college is going down the tubes. What's up with *that*?

Rather than waste precious funds on blue ribbon fact-finding panels, weighty investigative commissions, or costly Psychic Friends Network phone bills, SPY asked actual students to spill the beans on their colleges. And 'cause it's hard to get kids today to motivate, we dangled new-fangled prizes in front of their peepers to make them produce. Congratulations to our two co-winners, Tom and Scott! First lesson of real life, boys: Allow six to eight years for delivery.

Co-Winner: Tom Buchanan, University of Mississippi

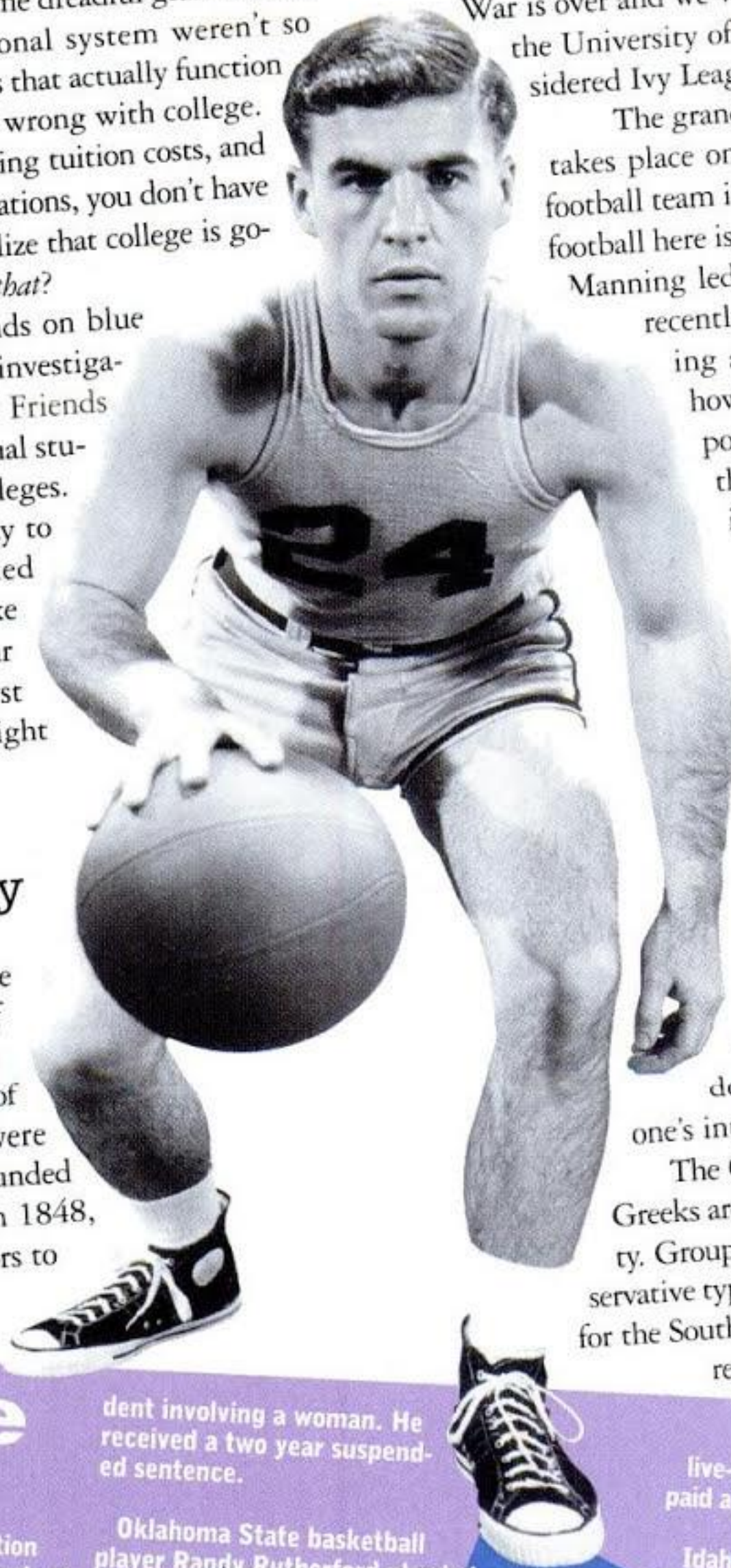
Welcome to the "Harvard of the South," as the University of Mississippi is called by Southern elites. It gives one a pretty good idea of what Harvard would be like if it were run by a bunch of Mississippians. Founded in the quiet little town of Oxford in 1848, this microcosm of the ole South labors to

perpetuate the myth that Ole Miss is still the antebellum academy it once was. As many students here refuse to believe that the Civil War is over and we were not the victor, they also forget that the University of Mississippi has not recently been considered Ivy League.

The grandest display of Ole Miss social tradition takes place on football weekends. Even though the football team is on probation for recruiting violations, football here is "tradition." It's been years since Archie Manning led the Rebels to winning seasons. More recently, his son was called a traitor for choosing a different school. The football team, however, is showered with superfluous support. Many of the football players enjoy the luxury of driving nice cars and living in well-supplied dorms.

On Saturday, people flock to a grassy area near the football stadium called the Grove. This is where it all happens. Females get "gussied up" in warpaint and their finest formal dresses in an effort to emulate 50-year-old country-club hags. The typical dress for males consists of a pair of khakis, a blue blazer, Timberland hiking shoes or Redwing cowboy boots, an Ole Miss tie, and a well-broken-in hat with the insignia of any Southern university. This hat must be pulled down to the eyebrows to demonstrate one's intellectual capacity.

The Grove is where most alumni and young Greeks are groomed for Southern upward mobility. Groups of Young Republicans and other conservative types secure areas and hand out propaganda for the Southern coup. Trent "Claymation" Lott, our recently-anointed Senate Majority Leader,



Jailhouse Jocks

The National Collegiate Athletic Association was founded to create "satisfactory standards of scholarship, sportsmanship, and amateurism." Today, however, "sportsmanship" has turned to marksmanship, and college athletes are hitting everything but the books. Check out this 1995-96 highlight reel, featuring some of the NCAA's most offensive fouls. He shoots—he scars!

Boise State football player Tony Hilde was arrested and charged with battery on a police officer, assault against two officers, resisting arrest, and being in a city park after dark. Hilde pleaded guilty to the battery charge and was sentenced to five days on an inmate labor detail.

University of Washington basketball player Michael McClain pleaded guilty to fourth degree assault charges stemming from an inci-

dent involving a woman. He received a two year suspended sentence.

Oklahoma State basketball player Randy Rutherford pleaded guilty to threatening to blow up an entire city block of Stillwater, Okla., after becoming riled over his electricity getting cut off. He also paid a \$100 fine.

Former Brown assistant track coach Skip Miller raped one of his runners in 1991, resulting in his being sentenced to 15 years in prison.

Florida State wide receiver Randy Moss was sentenced to jail for smoking marijuana in violation of his parole after having pleaded guilty to misdemeanor battery of a student in an alleged racially motivated attack.

Michigan State football player Walter Smith was arrested and charged with assaulting his

live-in girlfriend. He pleaded no contest and paid a fine of \$450.

Idaho State football players Brian Bethel, Derrick Carter, Sam Carter, Ike Johnson, and Thomas Washington were involved in a consensual sex incident with 14-year-old girls. All five pleaded guilty to misdemeanor battery.

North Carolina State football players Duan Everett, Mike Harrison, Ricky Bell, and James Walker were charged with misdemeanor breaking and entering and assault after breaking down the front door of a classmate basketball player's apartment. All four pleaded guilty to simple assault and trespassing, were given a 45-day suspended sentence, and one year of supervised probation.

Arkansas football player DeAnthony Hall, charged with attempted rape, pleaded guilty to a reduced charge.

can often be seen smiling obsequiously to the young Confederates as they revel in the atmosphere. There are often barbecue pits set up with cooks (usually African-Americans wearing white and black uniforms) to serve and prepare. This is the social highlight of Ole Miss tradition.

At the game, Rebel flags are flown by all. For the record, the flag represents heritage, not hate—at least that is what the popular campus T-Shirt says. Then everyone screams the following fight song: "Hoddy todody, gosh Almighty/Who the Hell are we?/Flin-flam, bim-bam/Ole Miss, by damn." This pretty much sums up the worst thing about my school.

Many alumni guffaw and spill bourbon on Rebel-flag shirts and ties provided by the nearby store called "The Cavalier Shoppe." These T-shirts range from a displayed Rebel flag with the statement "You wear your X, I'll wear mine" to "It's a Southern thing, you wouldn't understand." It is important to mention that the owner, Rex Jarrett, is the adult advisor to the Sigma Epsilon fraternity on campus. Recently, on a visit to his shop, Mr. Jarrett displayed some of his "heritage" to me. After telling me he was always glad to see white Southerners in his shop, he gave me a Coke. I toured the store, and Mr. Jarrett showed me some special items. He pulled out some boxer shorts with young African-American children drawn in exaggerated pickaninny stereotypes. He said he had a "Blue-Gum" (racial slur) from Dallas "draw these special" to make sure he got those "blue-gums' big lips, white teeth, and red eyes" drawn correctly. This must be the heritage of which everyone's so proud.

The University also holds yearly elections for popularity posts called Miss Ole Miss and Colonial Reb. During elections, sorority pledges drive around the student parking lots asking commuters if they need rides. Once in their car, they tell you how nice a girl their house's candidate is and how she would make a great Miss Ole Miss. These positions are held for no other purpose than popularity. Is this college or junior high school?

The main problem at this school is acquiescence to an anti-intellectual perpetuation of an ole boy tradition. It would be different if the academic programs were highly ranked, the football team could beat Louisiana State, and the South had won the Civil War.

Co-Winner: Scott Kolb, University of Nebraska

There are some nerdy academic types who insist that the Big-8 schools, and most notably the University of Nebraska, have become nothing more than major-league profit mills for minor league sports programs. Say that to the typical Cornhusker fan and they'll

Holy Wonderboy, Batman!

Traditionally, the raison d'être of a school's mascot is to strike fun-filled competitive terror into the hearts of opponents. And while this can be readily achieved with your standard issue lion, tiger, or bear, Student Princes are an altogether different phenomenon. Conversely, even the most ferocious wildcat or grizzly would think twice about stepping into the ring with a terrible Swede.

CHECK OUT THIS LAME LIST:

The Arkansas Tech Wonderboys
The Heidelberg Student Princes
The Whittier Poets
The Illinois College Blue Boys
The Elon College Fightin' Christians
The Worcester Industrial Tech Designers
The Los Angeles Mission Free Spirit
The Centenary Gentlemen
The University of California-Santa Cruz Banana Slugs

CONVERSELY:

The Grays Harbor Chokers
The Simon Fraser Clan
The Presbyterian College Blue Hose
The Trinity Christian Trolls
The Texas Christian Horned Frogs
The Idaho Vandals
The Washburn Ichabods
The Western Illinois Leathernecks
The Bethany Terrible Swedes
The Gettysburg Bullets



Kidz Today

M.L.N., MARKETING, SR., NYU

Who is Newt Gingrich?

I don't follow politics, so I don't know who Newt Gingrich is. I think he's one of those guys on TV—he talks about a lot of things that he believes in.

smile with smug pride. After all, we're number one...Whoopee. The thrill of it all.

Meanwhile, just a beer bottle's throw from the massive 80,000 seat stadium, sensitive art students must draw ping pong balls in a crumbling pioneer-era, rat-infested building, choking on clouds of thick dust every time an overcrowded lecture is dismissed on the second floor.

In Nebraska, people live and breathe football as zealously as any Chinese prepubescent did communism at the height of the Cultural Revolution. The fans's utter devotion to the football program and their personal Mao, Coach Tom Osborne, has earned them the title "Red Guard."

Indeed, Osborne's sagacious, sun-wizened face peers down gigantically from billboards all over the state, not unlike his great Asian counterpart. Fans of the University of Colorado Buffaloes, one of our biggest sports rivals, refer to the man as the "devil with the red hat on."

Nebraska is a place where season tickets are handed down from one generation to the next like genetic cancer. Even couples who have fought long, hateful divorces will continue to sit together on game day for the rest of their lives because they cannot agree on who gets the tickets.

This is a campus where all 26,000 students and faculty members are locked out of the library every Saturday there is a game. It is symbolic of the

Kidz Today

M.D., POLI-SCI, JR., NYU

What is ethnic cleansing?

Umm...

We're not looking for a dictionary definition here. I'm really not sure. The only thing I can think of is being able to be color blind, not to realize the ethnicity.

power the athletic department holds over us all. They make the rules. They shove so much money down the University's gullet that we all end up choking on it.

"Courage, Generosity, Fairness, Honor. In these are the true awards of manly sports."

You will find this oddly-phrased sentence carved into the living concrete of Memorial Stadium, right beside the giant "N" for "nowledge." They are the words that the championship Cornhuskers must ponder as they arrive for practice every day. There is plenty of space left on the massive expanse of wall below. Room for words like Immunity from Prosecution; NFL Contracts; and of course, Money.

Still, Coach Osborne is well known for encouraging his players to share these awards, to give back to the community. And do they? Oh boy, do they ever!

The police have a thickening file of atrocities committed by Osborne's boys. For instance, we have Scott Baldwin's 1992 unprovoked, buck-naked attack on a woman in which he nearly bludgeoned her to death.

There is the incident of August 2, 1995, in which wing-back Riley Washington allegedly shot at a man in a car outside a Lincoln Gas N' Shop, in what police describe as a gang-related incident (a trial is pending). Riley continued to practice with the team as Osborne assured the public that the young man's moral character had never been in question. And who can forget about Lawrence Phillips punching his ex-girlfriend, dragging her down a flight of stairs, and bodyslamming her into a wall of mailboxes to prove his love for her?

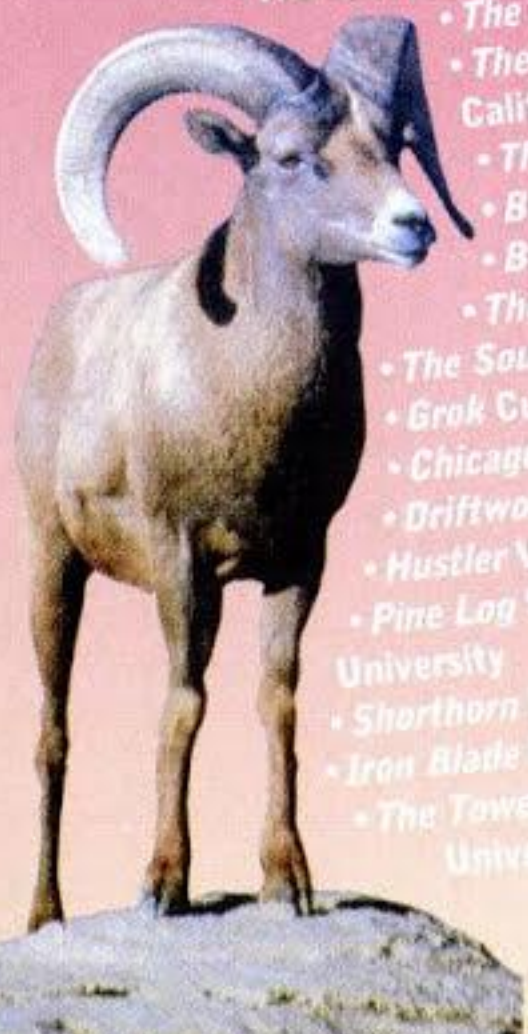
These stories all share the same sickening conclusion. At least sickening to those of us who frown upon crazed psychotic episodes and the beating of women. None of these players are ever brought to trial until after the season's big bowl game, and none of them ever serve any real time. The worst of their punishments are meted out by Osborne.

Baldwin, later found insane by the court, moved into Osborne's house awaiting his trial while the university sought NCAA approval to pay for all the medical expenses Baldwin ran up while trying to prove he was crazy and for flying Baldwin's family out from New Jersey to comfort the hulking, depressed gridiron lug. Washington received a three-game benching for his crime, proving Osborne is nothing if not a harsh disciplinarian. Phillips was sus-

xxxtra! xxxtra!

Sex sells, baby. Hefner knows it, Guccione knows it, even Julie Andrews knows it. And don't let those brainy, competitive, halitosis-inflicted college newspaper editor nerds fool you: they know it too. That's why even the titles of so many college newspapers turn us on. Herewith, SPY presents the naughtiest college newspaper names—truly hard copy.

- The Gamecock University of South Carolina
- Advance-Titan University of Wisconsin-Oshkosh
- The Ram Page Angelo State University
- The Royal Purple University of Wisconsin-Whitewater
- The Ram Fordham University
- The Lumberjack Northern Arizona University
- The Maneater University of Missouri
- Pipe Dream SUNY Binghamton
- The Post Ohio University
- The Battalion Texas A&M
- The Daily Trojan University of Southern California
- The Prospector University of Texas at El Paso
- Branding Iron University of Wyoming
- Broadside George Mason University
- The Brown and White Lehigh University
- The South End Wayne State University
- Grok Curtain University, Australia
- Chicago Flame University of Illinois-Chicago
- Driftwood University of New Orleans
- Hustler Vanderbilt University
- Pine Log Stephen F. Austin State University
- Shorthorn University of Texas-Arlington
- Iron Blade Ferrum College
- The Tower Light Towson State University



Look Mom, No Diploma!

When Alma Doesn't Really Mater

While your loutish friends were blowin' doobs in the garage, you were learning that readin' and writin' actually both have a G at the end. Check out the "too-cool-for-school" brigade who have put the "Er..." in higher education.

DIDN'T QUITE MAKE IT THROUGH HIGH SCHOOL:

Drew Barrymore, nudie actress
Michael Bolton, balding yodeler
Ellen Burstyn, long-forgotten actress
Nicholas Cage, famous nephew
George Carey, Archbishop Deluxe of Canterbury
Jim Carrey, overpaid actor
Elvis Costello, overweight musician
Tom Cruise, manly actor
Johnny Depp, Kate Moss' garden weasel
Celine Dion, histrionic singer
Robert Downey, Jr., gun-toting actor
Michael J. Fox, puny actor
Aretha Franklin, zaftig singer
Jerry Garcia, still-dead musician
Cary Grant, dead movie star
Wayne Gretzky, puckish shnook
Bridget Hall, simpering supermodel
Peter Jennings, talking head
Billy Joel, divorced pianist
Courtney Love, model parent
John Major, British guy
Herman Melville, early marine activist
Demi Moore, sculpted actress
Van Morrison, moon-shaped musician
James Naismith, thoroughly unslamming inventor of basketball
Wayne Newton, tacky singer
Joe Pesci, one-note actor
Prince, name-challenged musician
Keanu Reeves, genius actor
Axl Rose, bandana model
Roseanne, fat lady
Charlie Sheen, brothel patron
Quentin Tarantino, large-jawed director
Uma Thurman, brilliant actress
John Travolta, religious actor
Steven Tyler, Liv's father
Mike Tyson, role model
Tracey Ullman, annoying actress/comedian
Leon Uris, overrated author
Lawrence Welk, treacly musician
August Wilson, feelgood playwright



pended for a month and a half, returning just in time to rush for 165 yards and two touchdowns in the Fiesta Bowl.

"The easy thing would have been to dismiss him," Osborne asserted. "But after examining all the factors involved, we didn't feel it was the right thing to do."

Ironically, on April 21, the day Phillips was being named one of the top NFL draft picks, the woman he had assaulted was stripped of her full-ride athletic scholarship and spiked off the Nebraska basketball team for what the coach said was "declining play." It was a decision that even got University Chancellor James Moeser upset in his girlish way.

"I did cringe," Moeser fretted. "I thought, 'Oh, dear.' But I wasn't going to change a decision made at the athletic department. That's not the way the University ought to be run."

The athletic department decides how the University ought to be run. They have taken a sport that is essentially a legalized form of mugging and cashed in on it big time. Everybody else pays, from the victims of our wilding football players to those who would simply like to get into the library on Saturday and pick up a little "knowledge."

Excerpts from other Entries:

Rob Clark, Texas A&M University

What started as a country-bumpkin-infested, all-male, all-white military university in 1876 has spurred into the nation's third-largest university. And of Texas A&M's 43,000-strong student body, one now sees women and, every once in a while, a minority student or faculty member. That's progress for you.

But something is rotten in Aggieland. Where the foul stench originated, I'm not sure, but it reeks of ignorance, immaturity, and conservatism. The good ol' boys still reign supreme down here—see the Corps of Cadets, our resident Gestapo—and the rest of us are left wondering why we didn't go to the University of Texas. That's where the hipsters hang, at Austin's prosperous nightclub and concert scene, while the Aggies two-step their way into a drunken stupor. They have 6th Street, and well, we have the Dixie Chicken.

But what should be a normal, healthy rivalry is an obsession that has spread though A&M like a virus. Just check the first line of our fight song, "The Aggie War Hymn": "Goodbye to Texas University, so long to the orange and white." In our own fight song, UT gets top billing. We can't even go three words without talking about them.

Kidz Today

R.I., SOCIOLOGY, SR., NYU

Do you think that the United States should intervene in the border dispute between Turkey and Chile?

I think we have more problems here in America to worry about than to go and try to solve other people's problems for them.

(It's Only A Flesh Wound I Ambichop)

Sam Phillips omnipop



elegant.
aggressive.
cocktail.
art-damaged.
perfect pop.
featuring "zero zero zero!"
produced by T Bone Burnett
also available:
Martinis & Bikinis
The Indescribable Wow
Cruel Inventions
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This obsession is nearing the point of necessary psychiatric intervention. What occupies massive amounts of some of A&M's top researchers' time? Not searching for a cure to a disease or exploring new technologies, but instead developing a maroon carrot to avoid the evil shade of UT orange.

Of course this theory applies to football, as does everything in Texas. During the annual A&M-UT football bash last December, the Corps of Cadets took it upon itself to protect our beloved Kyle Field from the evil Texas fans rejoicing over their 16-6 victory. Granted, Kyle Field is a memorial for Aggies who have died in war, as is the Memorial Student Center. But students and faculty alike piss in each building's bathrooms, so stepping on the field doesn't seem all that bad.

But this turf invasion broke the greatest commandment, even though Aggie fans rushed UT's Memorial Stadium field the year before in a victory celebration. After a few futile pleas by the game announcer to stay off, the UT fans predictably rushed the field. And just as predictably, some members of the Corps proceeded to beat the shit out of everything that had a hint of orange.

Pretty far from the campus that Aggies call "the friendliest place in the world," huh? After all, this is the only campus on which you can hear "howdy" as the common greeting (so important that a "Howdy Week" is held each semester to increase awareness of the word). Aggies love their "howdys," and they love their "whoops." A "whoop" is a ridiculous body convulsion when your hands are put in a gun shape, shooting to the side, while the right foot is raised in a Susan Anton-kiss fashion. Emanating from the mouth is a high-pitched, blood-curdling "whooooooop!" This is supposed to be reserved for yells at football games, but somehow the tradition has transcended into everyday life, making any conversation with a die-hard Aggie a painful one.

But it can't be all bad, right? Naw, just look at the highest profile Aggies. Leading the list is Sen. Phil Gramm, the tortoise who would be president if he had any bright ideas in that warped conservative brain of his. When Gramm announced his candidacy for president in 1995 at A&M, he appeared to the world as our spokesman. If people only saw the world through his maroon-Aggie glasses, we'd all say howdy, adore Rush Limbaugh, and gather around to watch football and eat pork rinds every weekend.

Is there any hope for the future? I certainly hope so, as an A&M diploma seems to lose value by the minute. I suppose the future George Bush Presidential Library being built on campus will be everyone's saving grace. Just what we need—another conservative Republican monument.

"Whooooooop!"

Kidz Today G.L. LIBERAL ARTS, JR., NYU

Should Switzerland's U.N. membership be revoked in light of their recent Indian Ocean nuclear testings? Were the testings positive? Nuclear missile testings. Then definitely it should be revoked.

Eric Saxon, Stanford University

Stanford University's national reputation as a top private research institution is matched only by the disappointment experienced from actually attending Stanford University. After the last red balloon of Freshman Orientation leaks its helium life into the California atmosphere, each student dutifully agrees to perpetuate Stanford's elite image—even as they spend night after night in unfulfilled Schlitz-misery wondering if other colleges really are like those represented in the *Revenge of the Nerds* series.

Stanford Alumni Rule the World, as the popular bumper sticker boasts. Governor Pete Wilson and Senator Diane Feinstein, as well as politicians such as Michael Huffington, honed their political skills here in the student government organization known as the ASSU (Associated Students of Stanford University). Student government plays an important role at Stanford. Consider the fact that the Student Senate spent an entire year discussing whether or not senators should wear a sweatshirt that labels them as such, then deciding if the content of the sweatshirt should be funny or serious. The ASSU also prepares students for real American apathy, as the current student body president achieved victory with 6% of the vote.

When you come here, be advised that Stanfordites have their own language: Stanfordese. Coffee House suddenly shortens to CoHo, Hoover Tower to HooTow, Memorial Auditorium to MemAud, Memorial Church to MemChu, and so on. Such shortening of words is indicative of the fast-paced lives of Stanfordites. No time to pronounce "Hoover Tower" when you are speeding by on rollerblades to have a FroYo (frozen yogurt) at the CoHo. So far, Stanfordese has failed to produce a shortened form of the phrase "state of permanent pubescence."

Finally, the diversity of the campus is breathtaking. It is a veritable Utopia of all colors of the rainbow, all of the same class, who all want to put miles between themselves and the next class below them. Stanford shows that it truly *can* work, and that we *can* all get along, as long as we all have ethnic theme dorms to live in seclusion from one another.

Second Runner Up

"I don't want to wake up every day and know what I'm going to look like. I don't find that interesting."

-Hillary Clinton

In **COMEDY CENTRAL**
Decision 96

Nobody's safe. Watch our convention coverage beginning in August.

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Drivers wanted.



Indecent Proposal

Colleges and universities, like men, are overly impressed and eternally obsessed with the size of their endowment. But does this fiscal reality apply to the inviolable sanctum of Christian universities?

In what is unquestionably our most blasphemous prank ever, SPY measured the power of the Almighty Dollar against America's most Bible-thumpin', cross-bearin' academic institutions.

Posing as R. Stephen Atkinson, the financial advisor to a born-again billionaire named Mildred Goldstein, SPY's Jonathan Yevin and Eddie Stern contacted Christian colleges, offering cash for deliverance. The fictional Goldstein was described as an ailing octogenarian widow with no living relatives who wanted to leave a part of her vast fortune—\$20 million—to the first school that could accommodate her dying wish: incorporate *Goldstein* into the name of their Christian school. Who was led into the valley of temptation? Read on, children.

hope that there is something we can do to facilitate her wishes and maybe achieve a dramatic gift to this university at the same time.

Epilogue: After claiming that the changing of the school's name would be a "trauma," Singer later explained that the actual problem with our offer was that another wealthy family had made a proposal to rename the college after them, and it was "significantly greater than what you had proposed."



School: College of the Holy Cross

Location: Worcester, Mass.

Fundraiser: Bill Bagley

SPY: Are there any particular institutions that you think would be suited to bear Ms. Goldstein's name?

BB: I would say that there are, Stephen. The Jesuits have a 500-year-old tradition of involvement in higher education, and one of the things that we have been looking at is the creation of an entity here that would academically and otherwise address or look for ways to define the issues involved with Jesuit higher education.

SPY: What would be the title?

BB: It's a good question, it's such an embryonic thing that I...

SPY: Sure, even hypothetically...

BB: The Goldstein Institute for Jesuit Studies at Holy Cross.

SPY: Right.

Epilogue: Bagley later informed us that Jacob Hyatt, an actual Jewish entrepreneur, had beaten us to the punch by founding a variety

School: Southwest Baptist University

Location: Bolivar, Mo.

Fundraiser: Carl Singer

CS: Hello, this is Carl Singer.

SPY: Hello Carl, this is Stephen Atkinson in New York.

CS: Yes. Yes, Stephen.

SPY: I received a call from you today regarding the letter we sent.

CS: Yes, that you sent yesterday...

SPY: Exactly. You have read it, then?

CS: Yes I have.

SPY: Do you have any questions?

CS: Yeah, many questions regarding it. You know, the renaming or changing the name of a university would be a great trauma, but on the other hand we are continually needing funds, too. So you know, we're very interested in at least learning more about this proposal. You mentioned that your prospective donor would want a name associated with the university—that raises a lot of speculation on how this would be handled.

SPY: Is incorporating her name going to be a problem for you?

CS: Of course, this would necessitate more action from our organization. This is not something the development office can commit to—we can pass on a recommendation to the Board of Trustees.

SPY: Well, based on my client's health, we are dealing with a limited time-frame.

CS: Yes.

SPY: She has also made this proposal to

several Christian universities.

CS: Yes.

SPY: And essentially, she is looking for whichever shows the most interest. Are there other naming possibilities at your university?

CS: Uhm-hmm, yes there are. The College of Christian Studies—it is unnamed.

SPY: And it could be called, then—

CS: —the Goldstein College of Christian Education, or something—that would be a negotiable situation. Are we talking about an immediate, ah, gift or something over a period of time? Or how...upon her death? Or...

SPY: It would be an immediate gift.

CS: An immediate...Well, from the development standpoint, you know, this is the gift that we're always looking for: someone that has an interest in Christian education and wants to perpetuate it. And I would



of buildings at Holy Cross.

School: Christian Brothers University

Location: Memphis, Tenn.

Fundraiser: Brother Patrick O'Brien

PO: Okay. Now, we have five schools as part of the university and the Business School is unnamed. We'd be willing to name it the Goldstein School of Business.

SPY: I believe Ms. Goldstein was somewhat implicit regarding that it actually be the name of the university itself.

PO: Well, of course, that's a matter for the Board of Trustees. I can bring it to them.

SPY: I can pass that on to her. Is there a cemetery?

PO: There is not a cemetery. We have a cemetery plot in one of the local cemeteries where the brothers are buried.

SPY: I see. Is it possible that there could be a naming opportunity there?

PO: I'm sure we could, but that would not be as public as the campus.

SPY: It will be possible then, to rename the campus itself.

PO: Right. We'd call it the Goldstein Campus at Christian Brothers University.

Epilogue: Shortly after our conversation with Brother Patrick, he proposed flying the 92-year-old Mertie Buckman—the school's largest benefactor to date—to New York to convince Ms. Goldstein to make her donation to CBU.

School: Catholic University

Location: Washington, D.C.

Fundraiser: Father Dennis Mahon

SPY: It is our client's desire to be attached with the religious perpetuation of her name. Are there any specifically religious schools within the university?

DM: Yes, the School of Religious Studies, and, though not specifically religious, the School of Philosophy. Those would be the two.

SPY: And they are unnamed presently?

DM: Correct.

SPY: Is there another way? Do you have sport teams at the university?

DM: Yes.

SPY: Uhm-hmm. Would it be possible to incorporate Ms. Goldstein's name into the name of a sports team?

DM: They're currently called the Cardinals, as in the bird. It's conceivable.

Epilogue: Although he dragged his feet initially, Mahon

First Up Runner

"If I said anything which implies that I think that we didn't do what we should have done given the choices we faced at the time I shouldn't have said that."

- Bill Clinton

In **COMEDY CENTRAL**
Decision 96

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Kidz Today

C.A., SOCIOLOGY, SR., NYU

Do you think that Bob Dole's wooden leg will be a hindrance or will it help his chances in the coming presidential election?

I think it's gonna hurt him. Nobody wants a crippled president.

ultimately offered to explore a number of naming possibilities, including the Goldstein Law School and the Mildred Goldstein School of Religious Studies.

School: Seton Hall

Location: South Orange, N.J.

Fundraiser: Wendy Grabe

SPY: You received the fax regarding Ms. Goldstein's donation?

WG: Yes, I did, and we are very interested and intrigued, and we would love to have a meeting with you or with you and her.

SPY: She is going to meet with whomever shows the most likely interest in her donation, and that is yet to be determined.

WG: I guess my only question is that, if we have the opportunity to ask, is, would this be an unrestricted gift of \$20 million?

SPY: Exactly.

WG: Okay. Alright.

SPY: And it would be immediate.

WG: Okay, and in return, ahm, she is seeking that her surname—and would that be the name of Goldstein?

SPY: Yes, it would be Goldstein....

WG: Okay.

SPY: ...be incorporated into the name of the university.

WG: In general, ahm, there is a great deal of interest in the opportunity that is presented to the school.

SPY: Certainly. So it's conceivable that there could be compliance on the part of the board.

WG: Right.

SPY: Okay. So she would know, what then would the name read?

WG: Well, I'm wondering if she's open to, something that's along the lines of, ahm, the Goldstein Campus at Seton Hall

University. I just, you know, we've discussed and tossed around—you know, Seton Hall Goldstein University is sort of a mouthful—if we were to literally rename the

university, you know, Seton Hall Goldstein, Goldstein Seton Hall University, that would take a little bit of time.

SPY: Uhm-hm. Is there any other possibility?

WG: We have a Seminary School of Theology.

SPY: And is that currently named?

WG: That is a very real possibility, ahm, I, would just want to check on one thing and then I could get right back to you, but it is both a place where we educate young men to be priests, and we also educate lay people. So it is both a seminary and a school of theology.

SPY: I see. Does it have a title now, or...?

WG: Ahm, it is, ahm, it is simply called Immaculate Conception School of...ahm...Seminary and School of Theology.

SPY: Okay, and then the adjusted title could be...?

WG: My first inclination is that, that, you know, the Goldstein

Seminary and School of Theology, and then I'm sort of wondering, hmm, if we need the Immaculate

Conception, that's the part I would just want to check on real quickly, I mean certainly it could also be the Goldstein

Immaculate Conception School of Seminary and School of Theology.

Epilogue: *To the suggestion that the Seton Hall Pirates somehow incorporate the name Goldstein, the agreeable Grabe said, "That's certainly an option."*

School: Southern Methodist University

Location: Dallas, Tex.

Fundraiser: Jill Loomis

SPY: ...Would it be possible to tell her that other naming opportunities exist? She's really concerned with perpetuating both her name and her husband's name with the connection to Christianity.

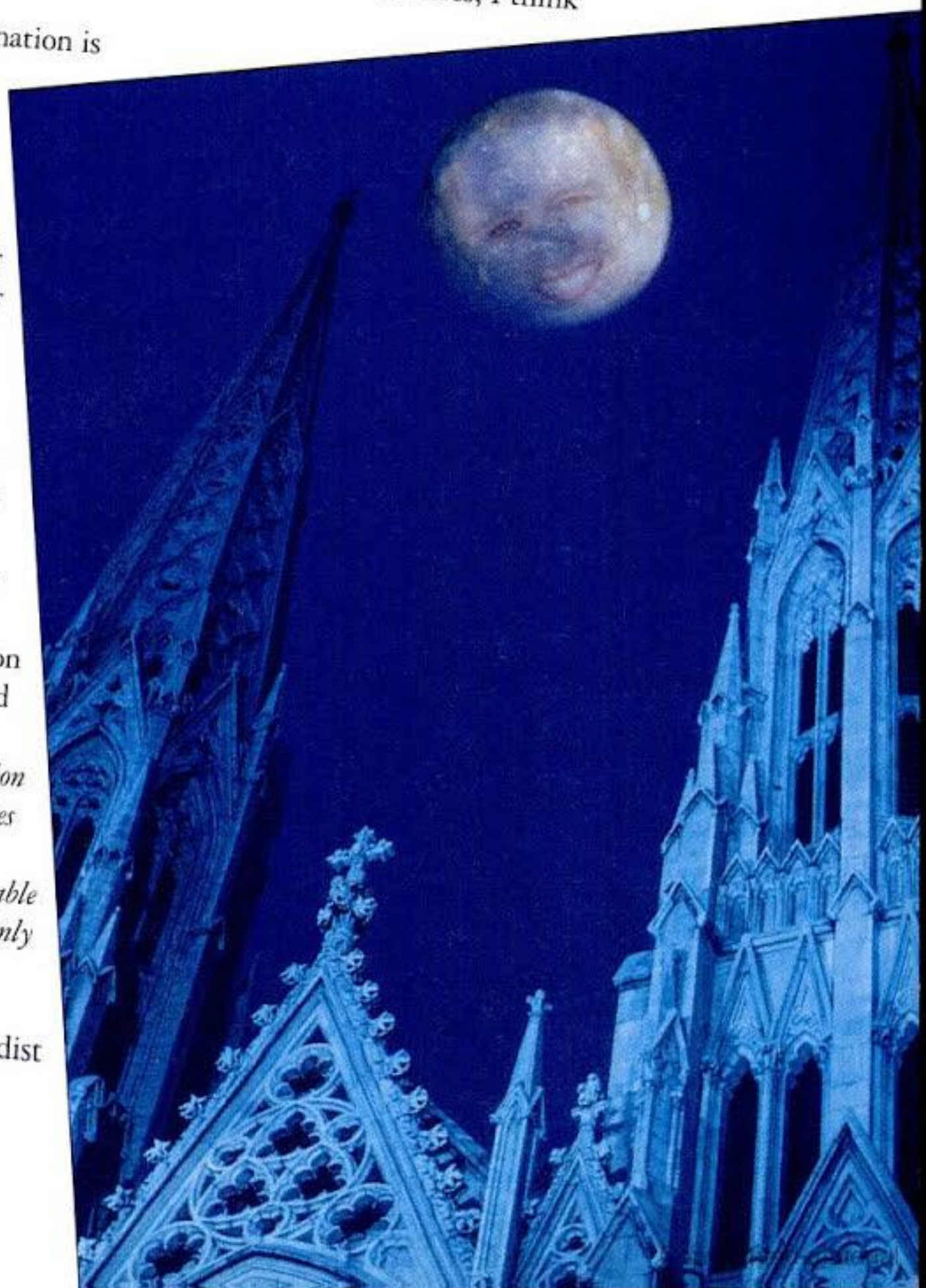
JL: There is a Perkins Chapel.

SPY: Oh. Perkins Chapel. Is there any stained glass work?

JL: I believe that there is. I've been in it one time, and I remember there was somebody practicing the organ, and I could see the light coming through the windows. I don't remember it being, you know, the Methodist religion is not a very ornate one, let's say in comparison with the Catholic, or something. This chapel does not give me the impression of being particularly, ahm, ornate.

SPY: Would it be possible, do you think, to incorporate some stained glass work featuring her name?

JL: Yes, I think



something like that is possible.

Epilogue: Later Loomis told us that Goldstein's \$20 million offer was not sufficient enough to buy the "kind of connection" that it would take to rename the school.

School: Lubbock Christian University

Location: Lubbock, Tex.

Fundraiser: Warren McNeill

SPY: I have spoken with several of the other schools already. Can I tell her that it would be a consideration of yours to incorporate her surname into the name of Lubbock Christian?

WM: Certainly. Would she need to know exactly what we plan to call it?

SPY: I think it would be a good idea.

WM: Ahm...Goldstein Christian University.

SPY: I see. That would be great.

WM: Well, let me ask you this: For me to be competitive—I'm very interested in this—what suggestions would you have other than those that you've already made?

SPY: Ms. Goldstein did express interest in having her name incorporated into the name of the sport team itself, actually.

WM: What is the name of the sports team there?

WM: Ah, we're called the Lubbock Christian Chaparrals.

SPY: Chaparrals?

WM: Which is, ahm, a small bird that eats rattlesnakes.

SPY: I see. Is there any way to incorporate the name Goldstein into the title of the sports team?

WM: Perhaps. I'll have to give that some creative thought. I wouldn't venture a guess, but it's a possibility.

SPY: So I can tell her, something to the effect of The Goldstein Chaparrals, or perhaps just the Goldsteins....The Goldsteins, is that possible?

WM: Could be.

SPY: Okay.

WM: We'll have to come up with some kind of a mascot to fit that, but...

Epilogue: LCU offered to erect a 200-foot marble bell tower named Goldstein Tower, which would be visible for miles. "The bell might toll the number of years that they were married at noon instead of 12 times," they promised. The bad idea of recreating another Texas bell tower was set off by the fact that their proposal was on Goldstein stationery. **SOLD!**

Comedian of the Month

*"It's all about the future.
That's where we're headed
in this country."*

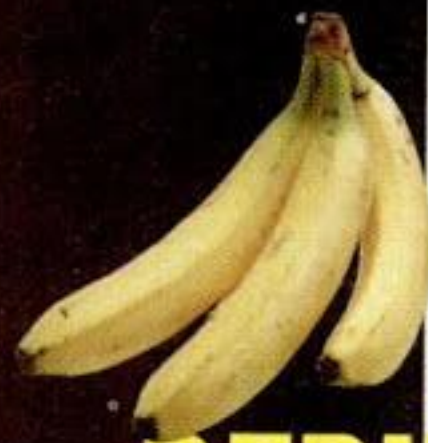
-Bob Dole

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They can run but they can't hide.
Coverage continues through November.

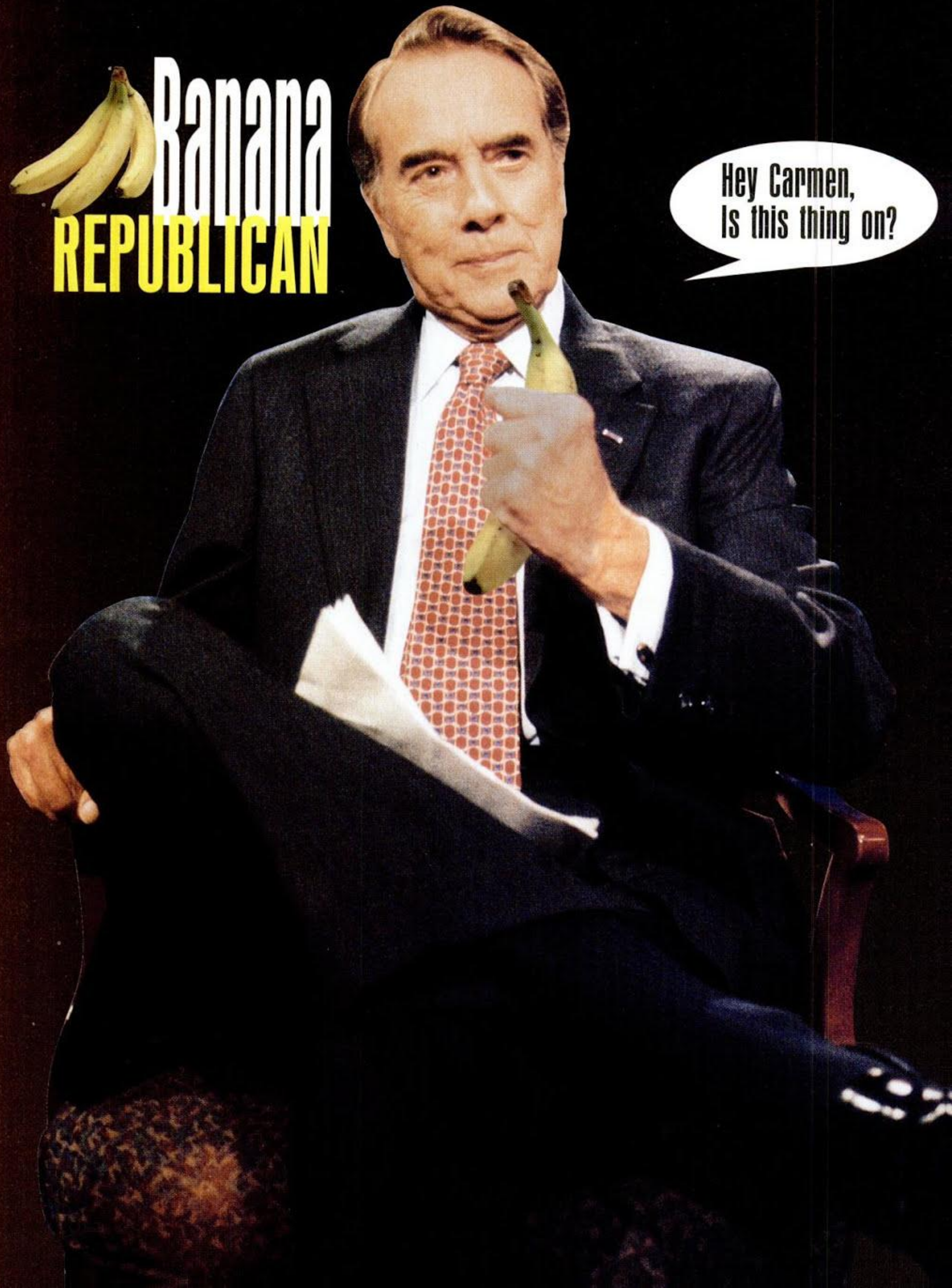
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Banana REPUBLICAN

Hey Carmen,
Is this thing on?



How funny is it when a doddering elderly gentleman slips on a banana peel and tumbles to the ground? Not very. Unless, of course, one is referring to Republican presidential candidate Bob "Bananarama" Dole. GREG EASLEY investigates why the former Senate Majority leader has made the curvy yellow fiber-rich fruit his "top priority," and why toasts at a Dole White House State dinner are likely to be made with Boone's Farm wild-island wine.

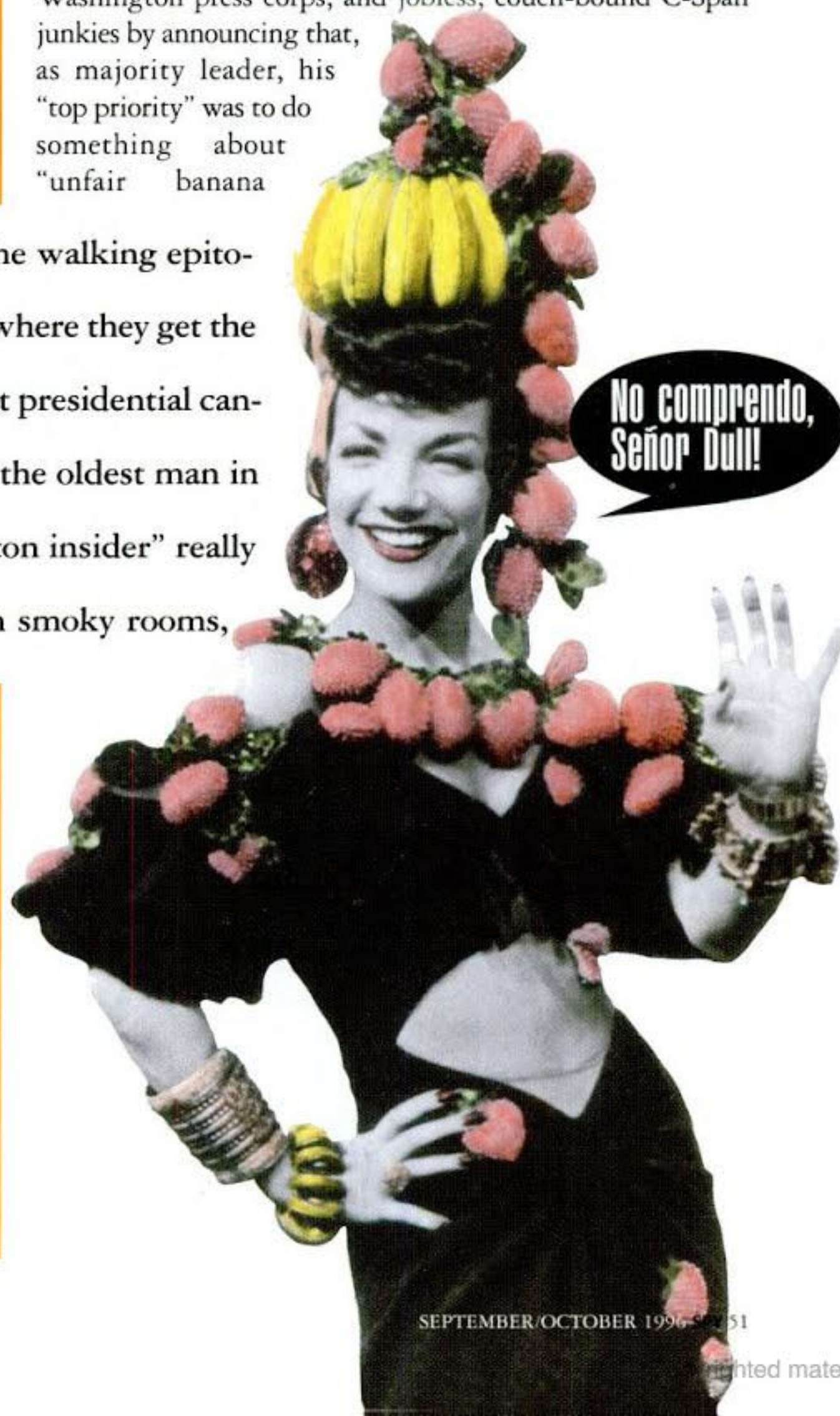
A lot of people, when they look at Bob Dole, see the walking epitome of an old-time Washington insider. You can see where they get the "old-time" part—at 72, Dole is not merely the oldest presidential candidate in American history but very close to being the oldest man in the entire world. But what does being a "Washington insider" really mean? You'd think it refers to secret powwows in smoky rooms,

having a key to the executive Capitol Hill lavatory, or even smoking the good stuff with Mayor Barry; but in Dole's case it pertains more to the extraordinary lengths to which he will go to line his coffers with cash.

And he's not even very good at hiding it. After receiving more than \$350,000 in illegal contributions for his 1988 presidential bid, Dole was fined \$122,975—the largest campaign penalty ever—by the Federal Election Commission. His Better America Foundation (BAF), a non-profit, tax-exempt organization set up in 1993 ostensibly to research and promote conservative policy, received \$4.9 million from undisclosed donors in two years. When critics charged in 1995 that the foundation was improperly funding Dole's presidential bid, the former Kansas senator was forced to disclose the donors's names, return \$2.5 million of their

money, and finally close BAF's luxurious doors.

But so far, Bobby D. has escaped serious political injury from these scandals. Perhaps because everybody knows that mounting a political campaign is an expensive venture, and because Dole has never been accused of funneling cash into his own private bank account, voters seem willing to let his fundraising transgressions slide. What is less understandable, however, are the absurd causes he chooses to champion. As the recently retired senator himself once said, "When special interests contribute money, they want something in return other than good government." This may sound like an indictment of the lobbying system, but translate it into Latin and it could just as well be the motto for Dole's entire political career. Whether he's taking cash to stump for tropical rain forest fruits or brain-destroying, vat-produced hobo drinks, Dole has treated the Senate floor like the venue for the world moral-limbo dancing championships. And boy, how low he can go! Last fall, at the height of the budget and welfare-reform disputes, with Bosnia simmering importantly in the background, Dole mystified his Senate colleagues, the Washington press corps, and jobless, couch-bound C-Span junkies by announcing that, as majority leader, his "top priority" was to do something about "unfair banana



"Sorry babe, I've gotta split!"

Bite Me!

Go Bananas!

Whether he's taking cash to stump for tropical rain forest fruits or brain-destroying, vat-produced hobo drinks,

Bob Dole has treated the United States Senate floor like the venue for the world moral-limbo dancing championships. And boy, how low he can go!

policies." What on earth was he talking about? Was he having trouble obtaining the tapering elongated fruit via room service at the Watergate? Had Liddy got some crazy ideas from an old *Cosmo* in the dentist's waiting room? Actually, it was nothing so out of the ordinary: Dole was merely proposing an outlandish and immoral piece of legislation in appreciation of oodles of special-interest cash.

Dole's lobbyist of the month was banana giant Carl Lindner, CEO of Chiquita Brands International, and a man with a huge, banana-shaped problem. The European Union had a new policy of favoring the banana exports of its former colonies, hiking the tariff on other countries' produce eightfold above a global quota. Profits from Chiquita's operations in Costa Rica and Colombia were poised to tumble. This would have been bad enough had Chiquita's principal competitors, Del Monte and Dole (no relation), been in the same boat, but they actually stood to *benefit* from the EU decision because their plantations were concentrated in newly-favored banana republics such as Grenada, St. Vincent, Dominica, and St. Lucia. Still worse for Chiquita, the governments of Costa Rica and Colombia struck deals with the EU to ensure a share of the preferred rate for themselves rather than risk getting shut out of the European banana market altogether.

Incensed at their meek acceptance of the European Union policy, Lindner decided to play hardball, and called in a favor from his old pal Bob Dole. Last fall, the fructose-supertolerant senator dutifully tried to get the Senate to slap destabilizing trade sanctions on Colombia and Costa Rica, two hemispheric allies, for their banana policies.

Specifically, Dole pushed to revoke the special trade status that the two countries have enjoyed with the United States. The Bush Administration granted this trade status to Colombia back in 1991; under the agreement, Colombia could export *legal* commodities (*read*: pretty much anything but drugs) to the United States without paying tariffs. Since then, one might say, Colombia has become addicted to exporting bananas and flowers to America, an economic baby-step toward independence from relying on the illegal drug trade. By developing markets for natural resources other than coca, Colombia and other Latin American countries can earn legitimate revenue and generate more jobs than even, say, the Medellín cartels.

Costa Rica does not have quite the history of illegal drug trafficking from which Colombia has indirectly prospered, but Dole's efforts to penalize them would have been just as ruinous to their economy. The Central American nation may not be quite ready for G-7 prime time, but it is a model among developing nations: It has no standing army; has a literacy rate of 93 percent; has developed a world-renowned reputation for eco-tourism; and currently has a life-expectancy that is rated the third-best in the world—higher even than our olestra-channeling populace. And because it has been a

stable presence in a region plagued by Sandinistas, Contras, Salvadoran massacres, and pineapple-faced strongmen, Costa Rica has been a regional sanctuary for the United States. Along comes Bob Dole, with ludicrous legislation intended to punish a minor-league democracy that has remained a loyal American ally in a region where stability is as rare as snow tires. What's next, nuking Canada because the Toronto Blue Jays won the World Series?

For the record, almost no bananas are grown in the United States, and none, needless to say, are grown in Kansas. Despite the fact that the economic impact of the quotas was negligible at best, Dole sought to punish Costa Rica and Colombia for compromising with the European Union, which was the obvious culprit in the affair.

After several months of deliberation, the U.S. Senate decided against imposing sanctions. If the sanctions had been instituted, experts speculated, the unintended consequence would have been a GOP nightmare—more cocaine on America's streets. The logic is simple: Along with flower exports, bananas drive the Colombian economy. Crush legitimate trade (the way the banana sanctions were structured, they would have hurt flower exports, as well), and Colombia relapses into its old cocaine-peddling habits. You know, *blow. Nose candy. The Lady*. No Americans would have benefited from the sanctions, aside from Lindner, crackheads, and various present and former members of the New York Yankees.

How could this have happened? What kind of control do bananas have over Bob Dole? Clearly all that's yellow is, in fact, gold. Dole and Lindner enjoy one of those friendships that lends itself readily to mathematical expression. Between 1988 and 1994, Lindner donated \$100,000 to Dole's BAF, \$30,000 to his political action committee, Campaign America, and \$25,000 to the Dole Foundation, a non-profit organization for the disabled.

More sinister than these straightforward donations was Lindner handing Dole the keys to his fleet of corporate jets, which gave Dole the freedom to simultaneously run the Senate and crisscross the country in pursuit of the Republican nomination. Although candidates are required to reimburse jet donors for the price of a first-class ticket (Dole paid Lindner nearly \$45,000 for these services in the first half of 1995 alone), a private jet costs about four times that much to operate and doesn't have to stop in Pittsburgh to make a connection. Oh yes, and if the guy pushing the beverage trolley just happens to be the CEO of a major corporation with a favor to ask, a grateful candidate is likely to be accommodating, and may well do more to help than merely lower his tray-table.

Hence Dole's public bananomania on the Senate floor, which even seasoned Dolewatchers considered an overly transparent accommodation. "Dole went out on a very long and thin limb on this one," comments Charles Lewis of The Center for Public Integrity. "He's usually not that stupid. One won-

ders what drove him to do something so garish." It could be that chicks love talking about bananas, or that bananas have a certain sex appeal, but most likely it was the cash.

The one saving grace of Dole's quixotic crusade on behalf of the banana is that at least the potassium-rich, fiber-packed fruit is *good* for you. As a rule, the Butcher of Topeka prefers to sell his considerable political clout for less nourishing blood money. And with a mouthful of mushed banana, what could go down smoother than a swig of brackish Night Train wine? According to Charles Lewis's *The Buying of the President*, the Ernest and Julio Gallo family—makers of such screw-top wines as Thunderbird and Ripple—is Dole's all-time leading career patron, having donated \$381,000 to Dole's campaigns and PAC and \$100,000 to BAF, as well as a whopping \$790,000 to the Dole Foundation. With Dole's help, the Gallos have made a fortune putting the "wine" back in "winos."

Back in 1985, the Gallo family stood to lose millions of dollars in generation-skipping estate taxes when Ernest and Julio passed their liquid assets down to their grandchildren. That's when Dole stepped in to pay his respects to the family, as only a Senator can. As Senate majority leader and as a senior member of the Finance Committee, Dole built a loophole into, of all things, the 1986 Tax Reform Act, giving the Gallos a \$2-million estate-tax exemption per grandchild, which saved them a cool \$50 million right off the bat. (In total, estimates The Center for Public Integrity, the so-called Gallo Amendment has saved the family a total of \$104 million.) In an unsurprising show of encouragement during the write-up of the bill, four members of the Gallo clan in one day each contributed \$5,000 to Dole's PAC, Campaign America—the maximum allowed by law. Gallo family members have not forgotten Uncle

Bob since, regularly supporting his various causes.

Any similarities at all between Dole's work for the Gallo family and legitimate pieces of legislation are wholly coincidental. According to *Senator for Sale*, the harrowing Dole biography written by former aide Stanley Hilton, only about 7,000 American families incur estate taxes annually, and of these, fewer than one in 20 can possibly benefit from the Gallo Amendment. For our multitude of math-challenged readers, that's less than 350 families in the country. Even the conservative *Wall Street Journal* characterized the Gallo Amendment as one of the most blatant made-to-order laws Congress has ever passed.

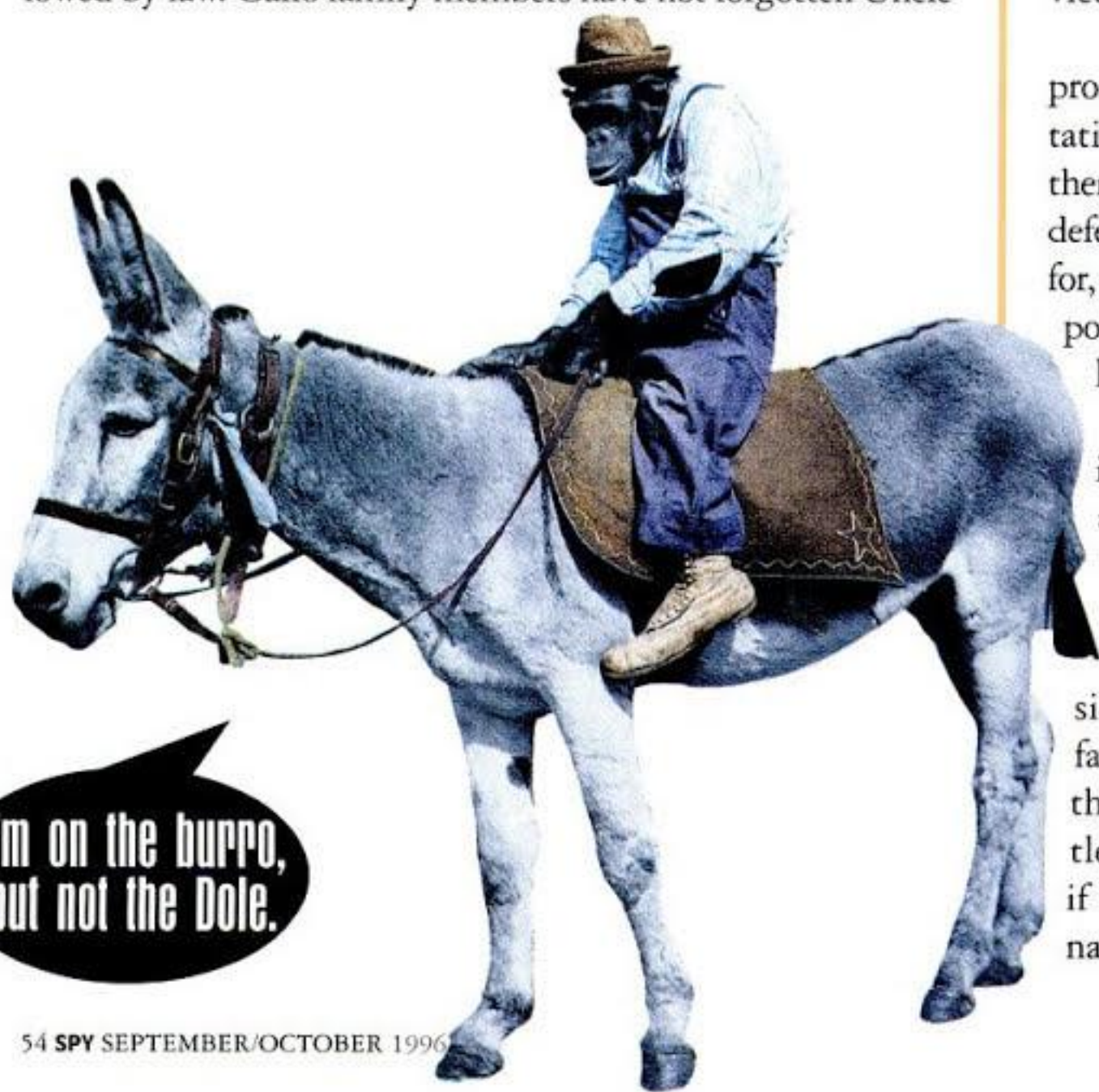
The Gallos also sought Dole's help in buffing up the image of their bottom-shelf champagne, which is consumed exclusively by homeless people drinking to celebrate the birth of a new imaginary friend or the receipt of a Susan B. Anthony dollar. Because Gallo champagne—called "sparkling wine" by purists—is fermented in giant vats instead of in individual bottles like real champagne, Gallo was required by law to stamp the words "Bulk Processing" on the label. Alarmed that the mandatory phrase carried few of the ritzy connotations of, say, *Mis en Bouteille* or *Produit de la France*, Gallo came up with a meaningless replacement phrase for its industrial bubbly, the "Charmat Method," which is a tribute to obscure Frenchman and father of bulk processing Eugene Charmat.

The Gallos' drunken attempt at spin control would obviously have been laughed out of court if the Treasury Department had not, in 1992, received a letter from one Robert Dole of Kansas asserting knowledgeably that, "[C]hampagne is champagne, regardless of the production....[T]he minute fraction of champagne consumers who care about the champenoise production know exactly what to look for." Like maybe a cork? Dole and the Gallos got their way, but it is unlikely that they celebrated their legislative victory with a few bottles of "the bad stuff."

Bob Dole is not alone in taking money from lobbyists to promote their interests. But most federally elected representatives who shill for various lobbying groups at least leave themselves some tiny plot of moral highground with which to defend their actions—and reputations. A senator who lobbies for, say, free milk in schools, regardless of how much money he pockets, can rightfully claim that at least calcium is good for kids. Certainly more than, say, strawberry-hill wine.

To an extent, it's actually a testament to Dole's political savvy that he has done as well as he has with ideas that are objectively indefensible: a tax break for anyone whose last name begins with G and ends with ALLO, a trade war against two nations with whom we have no trade rivalry.

The absurdity of a 72-year-old career politician sidling up to the podium and announcing with a straight face that bananas are his top priority is eclipsed only by the fact that this fascinating behavior could attract so little media attention. Certainly that would not be the case if a scandal were to break involving, say, mounds of bananas, cheap wine, and the candidate from Arkansas. ☺



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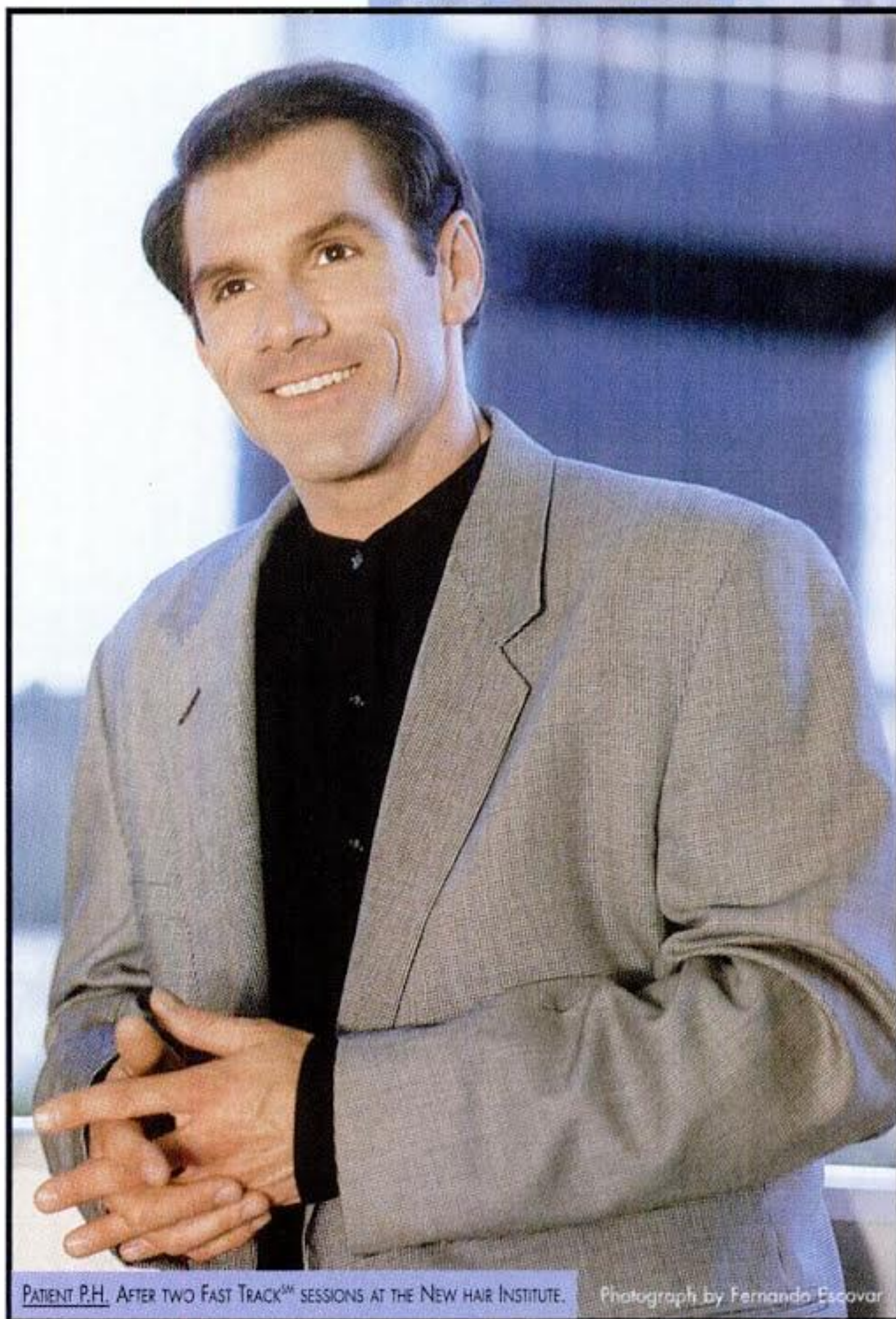
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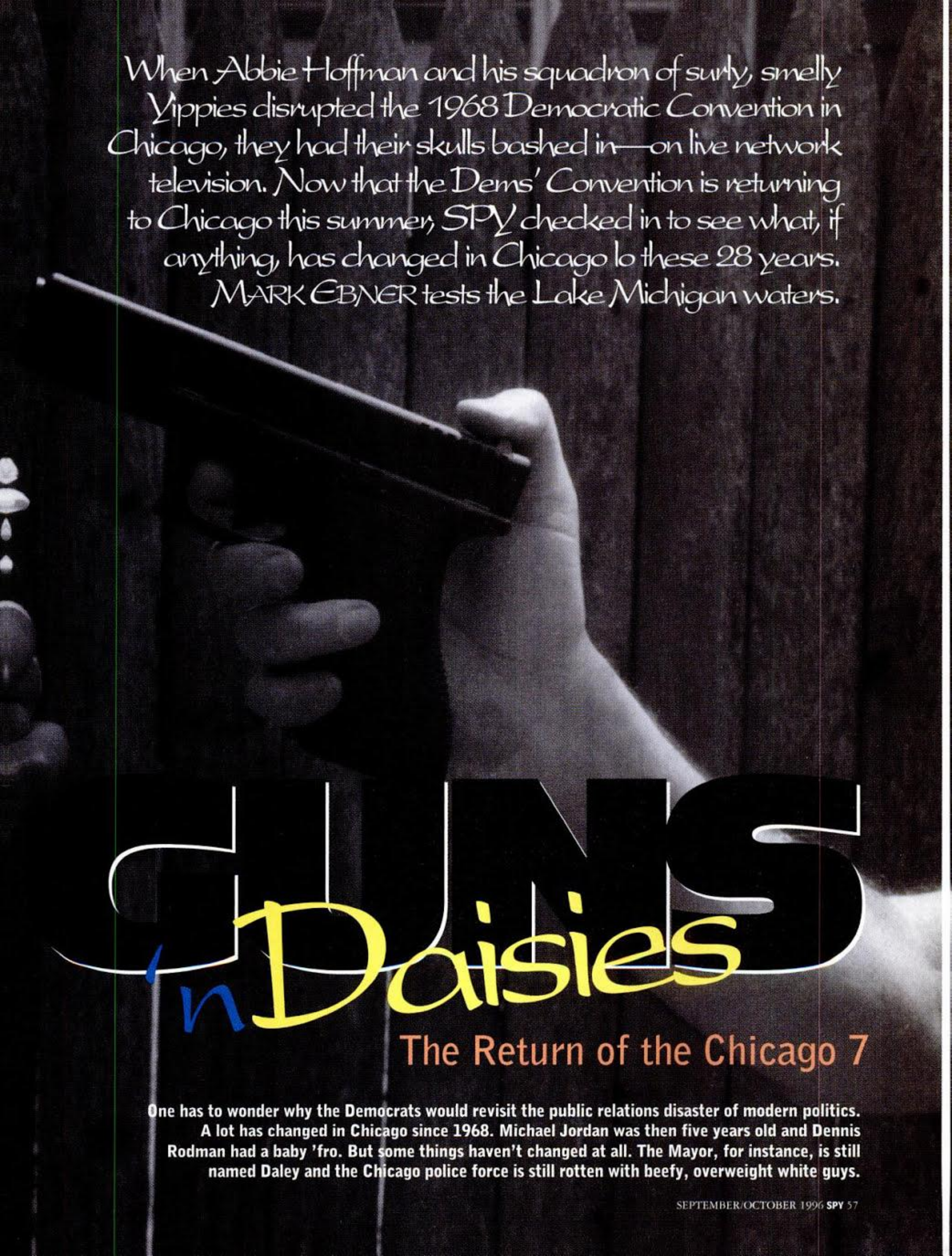


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When Abbie Hoffman and his squadron of surly, smelly Yippies disrupted the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago, they had their skulls bashed in—on live network television. Now that the Dems' Convention is returning to Chicago this summer, SPY checked in to see what, if anything, has changed in Chicago to these 28 years. MARK EBNER tests the Lake Michigan waters.

GUN in Daisies

The Return of the Chicago 7

One has to wonder why the Democrats would revisit the public relations disaster of modern politics. A lot has changed in Chicago since 1968. Michael Jordan was then five years old and Dennis Rodman had a baby 'fro. But some things haven't changed at all. The Mayor, for instance, is still named Daley and the Chicago police force is still rotten with beefy, overweight white guys.



Bullish Mayor Richard Daley understood the mythology all too well. He demonstrated his respect for Chicago civic history by unleashing his police force and letting them kick the crap out of the hippies.

battle between Good and Evil—or Evil and Good, depending on whom you asked. Bullish Mayor Richard Daley understood the mythology all too well. He demonstrated his respect for Chicago civic history by unleashing his police force and letting them kick the crap out of the hippies.

Typically, the hippies claimed victory. The Chicago 7—the men charged with treason for planning the Convention demonstrations—were rock 'n' roll-type icons. Stinky, long-haired freaks, to be sure, but that's your bread-and-butter adolescent hero right there. For these manic propagandists, getting beaten up was no more meaningless than their other stunts: planting Commie flags in Grant Park or threatening to dump LSD into the water supply.

If the Yippies were a rock group,

When disrespectful out-of-towners dared to mount the trusty steed of General John A. Logan in 1968 (inset), Chicago's brutish police promptly beat the snot out of 'em. Today, not even a provocative poseur like our own Mark Ebner can get a rise out of those doughnut-eatin' fatties.

Chicago's claim to fame has always been its viciousness. For starters, there was cow-killing, immortalized (if that's the word) in *The Jungle*, Upton Sinclair's book about the city slaughterhouses;

there were, of course, always gangsters. And now there's Dennis Rodman.

There is also the memory of the 1968 Democratic Convention: thousands of reeking hippies, led by Abbie Hoffman, descending upon the Windy City to try and disrupt the nomination of alliterative war-monger, Hubert H. Humphrey. In a week of chaos and crazy symbolism, for Democrats and Yippies alike, Chicago became the venue for a mythological

then the 1968 Democratic Convention was their self-indulgent four-disc concept album with the runic title and the holographic cover. Everybody bought it, nobody understood it, and if you weren't stoned, it sucked. With the Convention headed back to Chicago for the first time since '68, SPY sent Mark Ebner back to Chicago to see, in the cold light of an Illinois morning, if being a Yippie-style self-publicist can still earn you a bit part in world history.



When you gotta blow, you gotta blow. In the madcap sixties, provocateurs like Abbie Hoffman would be arrested for wearing an American flag as a shirt, blowing a nose into a flag, or writing "FUCK" on a forehead. In the free-spirited nineties, not even Mark's biggest loogies (below) can catch the eye of the "pigs."

driven from the park with mace and tear gas. The demonstrators scattered, throwing rocks and bottles, and overturning cars.

The next day, the protestors assembled again in Grant Park. They brandished MAKE LOVE NOT WAR placards, climbed the statue of General John A. Logan, and gave apple pies to the cops. The Man retaliated, again dispersing tear gas. This time, however, the protestors responded by lobbing urine-filled balloons. The ancient laws of low-level conflict left the sodden police with few alternatives. As soon as one side starts throwing piss...oh yeah, it's on!

But the nineties-style Chicago riot cop—keeping watch on the eve of the Bulls winning their umpteenth Championship—would not be baited.

SPY: *You expecting any trouble tonight?*

Riot Cop: Nobody knows. The last time they had it, the whole town went up for grabs.

SPY: *Where were you in '68? Were you out busting heads, or getting shit thrown at you?*

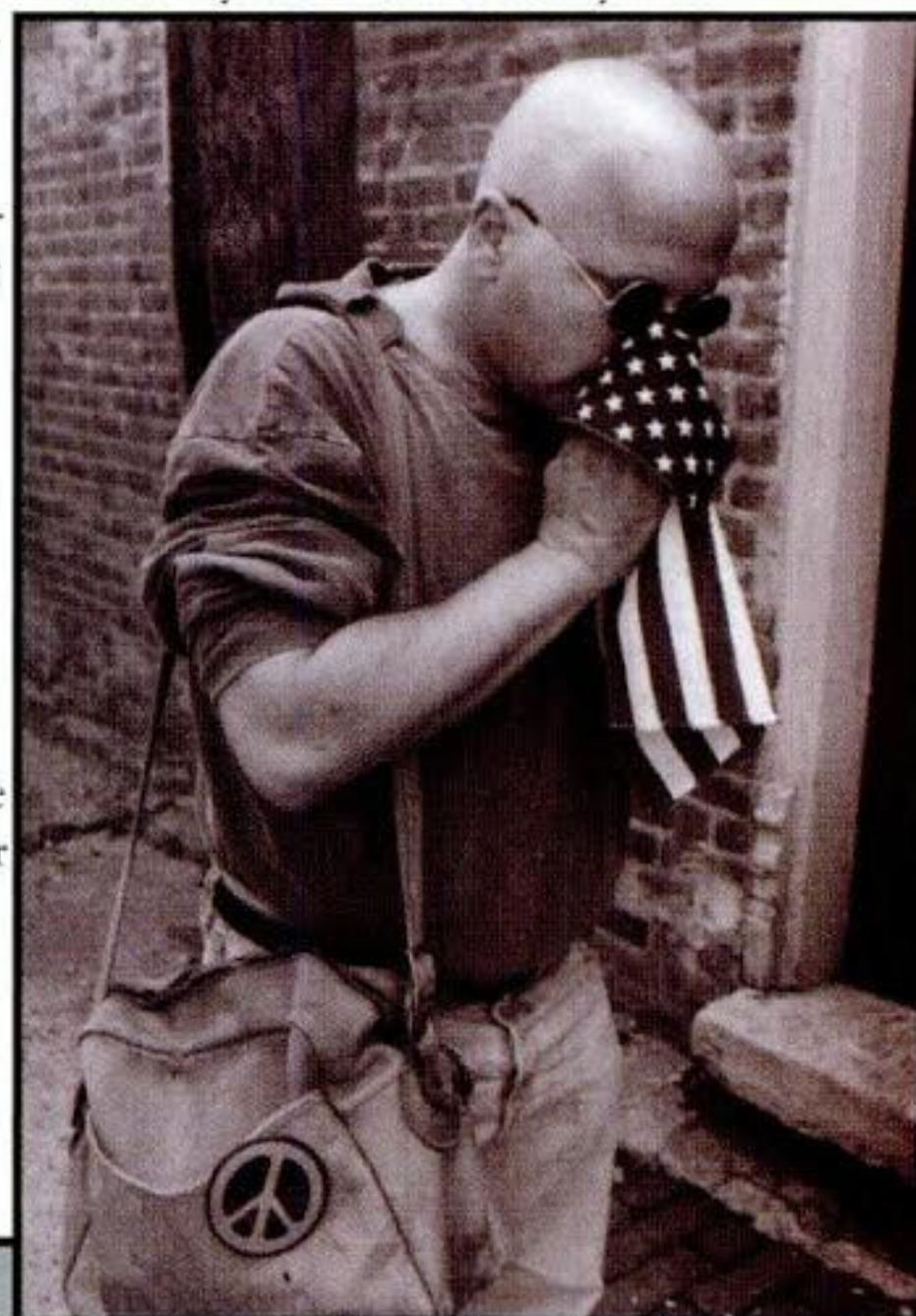
Cop: Well, we had a lot of shit thrown at us, but as far as the busting heads

was concerned—that was really exaggerated.

SPY: *I'm keeping the peace tonight.*

Cop: That's good. We appreciate all the help we can get.

Appreciate help? From a SPY reporter conspicuously blowing his nose into Ol' Glory? Either the ground rules of symbolic warfare had passed the poor officer by...or we had already won.

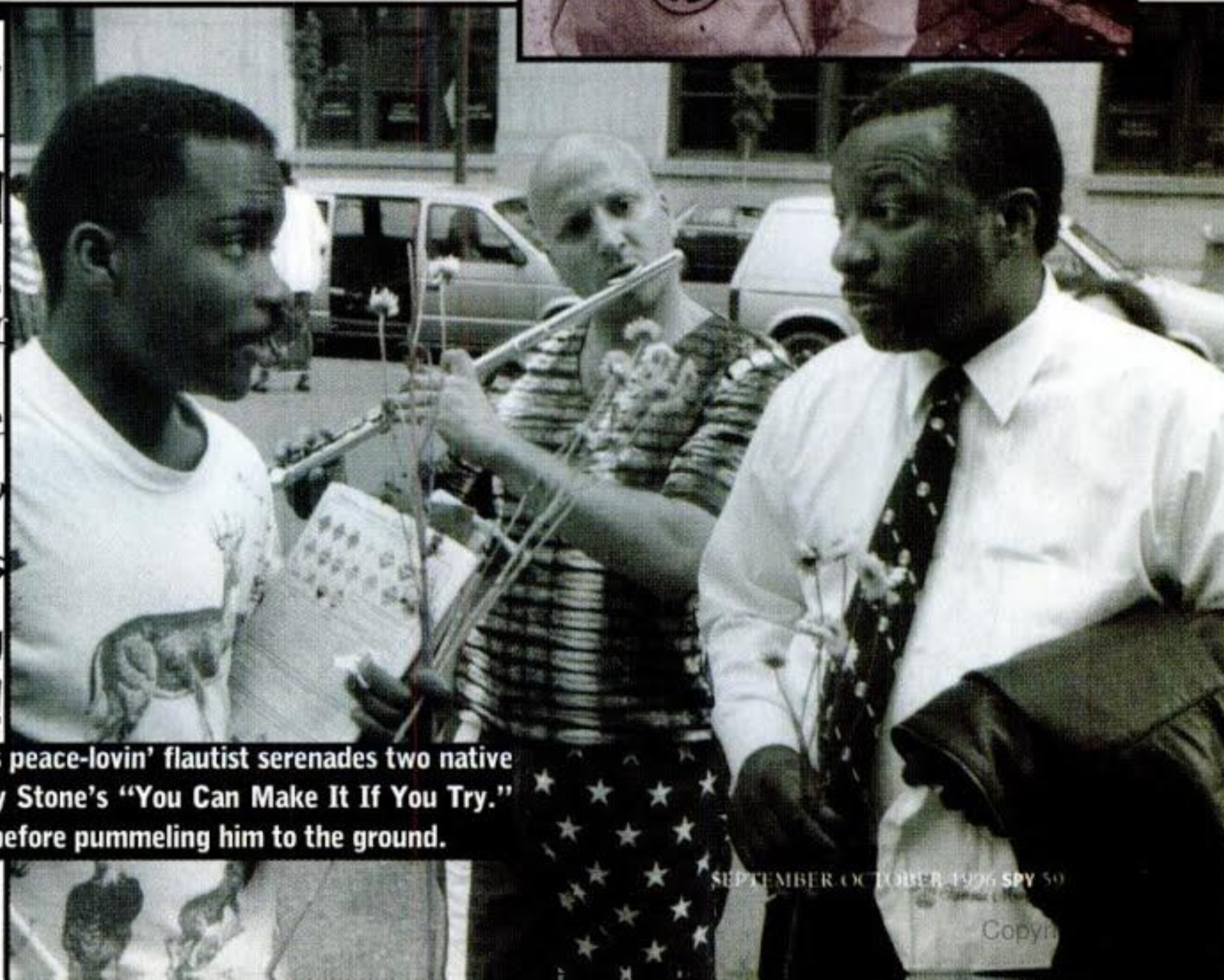


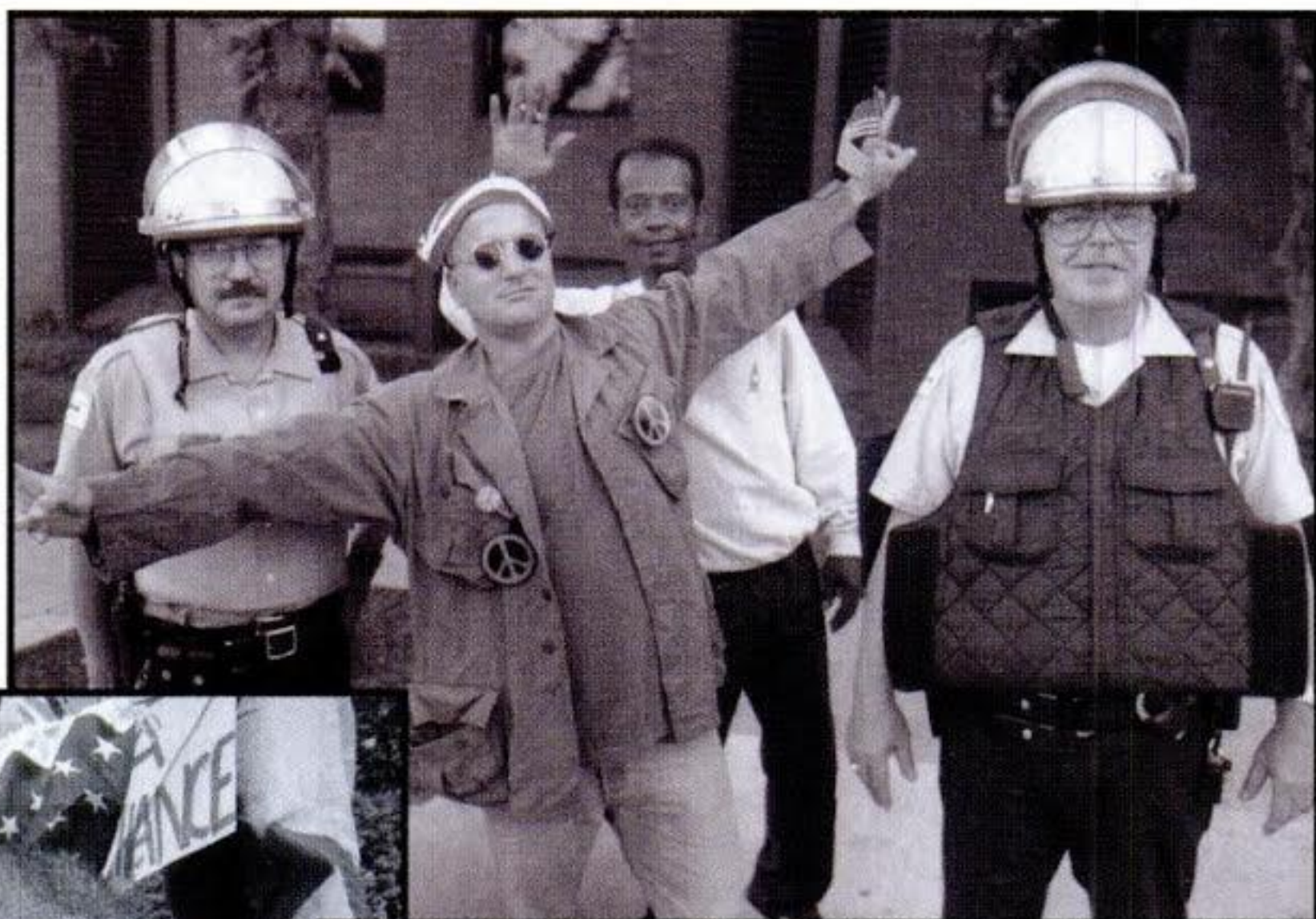
After a kick-off protest at the Conrad Hilton Hotel, where most of the delegates were staying, the original Summer of Hate fully got underway in Lincoln Park, where demonstrators chanted obscenities and taunted the cops. They were

This time, however, the protestors responded by lobbing urine-filled balloons at the cops.

The ancient laws of low-level conflict left the sodden police with few alternatives. As soon as one side starts throwing piss...oh yeah, it's on!

After handing out posies as a "gift of love," SPY's peace-lovin' flautist serenades two native Chicagoans with his rendition of Sly & The Family Stone's "You Can Make It If You Try." Moments later, his two new friends wept with joy before pummeling him to the ground.





After a hectic day protesting, Mark brings home the bacon to his loving family (top left), as well as some freshly picked flowers. Oops! Those flowers were picked off of city property, and the police, dressed in riot gear for the rioting that would follow the Bulls basketball championship (above), are hopping mad! Oh, relax, Mark—it's 1996! The cops aren't gonna hurt you, they're gonna hug you!

The Chicago 7—charged with treason for planning the '68 demonstrations—were rock and roll-type icons. Stinky, long-haired freaks, to be sure, but that's your bread-and-butter adolescent hero right there.

The Democrats are coming back to Chicago, and the city is cleaning itself up. Over the past few weeks, streets neglected for decades have begun to be transformed into gorgeous boulevards of saplings and flower beds. There is new paving, new sidewalks, and on Randolph Street, even new olde-style gaslights. It's a matter of civic pride.

And it was ever thus. On top of the guided pissiles, it was the symbolic power of the Yippies sleeping rough in Grant Park that really boiled the cops's blood. The bearded, unwashed scum made Chicago look messy; but this time there will be no mistakes. The only skulls likely to be cracked in 1996—as the fleshy embodiment of boomer pow-

er steers his daily pilgrimage to the home of the McNugget—are those of the unsightly homeless.

Larry: May I just lay here for about 10 more seconds?

SPY: Of course.

Larry: How you doing there, my American friend?

SPY: Okay. What's up, man?

Larry: I dunno....I got two cracked ribs, man, and I'm laying on my wrong side.

SPY: Where were you in '68?

Larry: Where was I in '68? I was, uh...uhhh...

SPY: Shall I cover you up with this flag?

Larry: Yeah! Can I keep the flag?

SPY: Of course.

Larry: I tell you what. I was at Cabrini Green in '68. It was a battle zone. We had the Democratic National Convention, and I was there, and I was ...actually, I was there.

SPY: Were you protesting?

Larry: Yeah. And I got knocked through the whatchacallit? That hotel down there.

SPY: The Conrad Hilton?

Larry: Yeah, I got knocked through the window.

SPY: What was a brother doing protesting?

Larry: 'Cause we didn't like the way shit was goin' on in the first place. We did not like the way shit was goin' on. Blacks wasn't treated right.

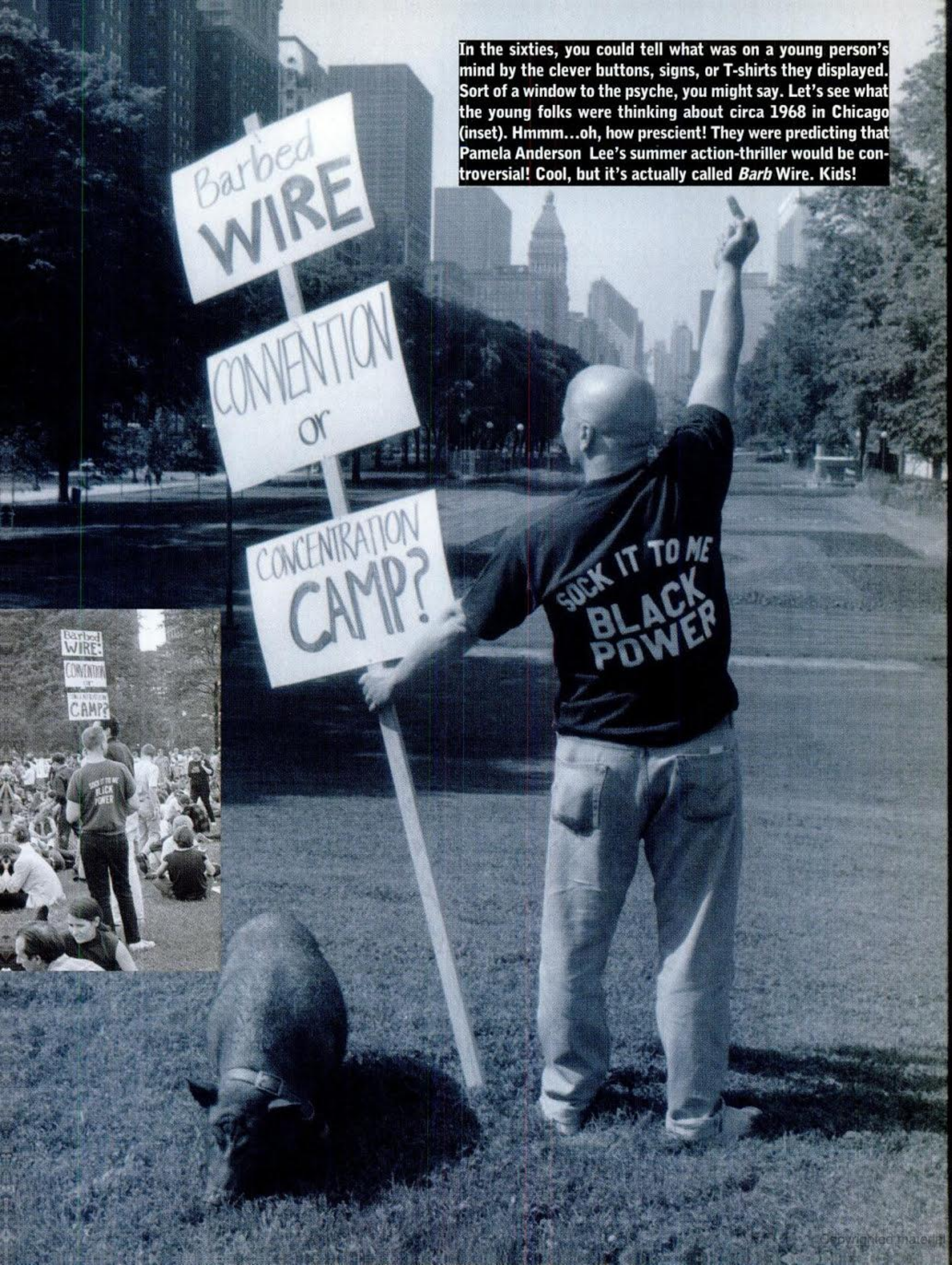
SPY: Has it gotten any better?

Larry: Well, it's better now. Clinton is president.

SPY: What should I be protesting here?

Larry: Well, I'm gonna tell ya. You

In the sixties, you could tell what was on a young person's mind by the clever buttons, signs, or T-shirts they displayed. Sort of a window to the psyche, you might say. Let's see what the young folks were thinking about circa 1968 in Chicago (inset). Hmm...oh, how prescient! They were predicting that Pamela Anderson Lee's summer action-thriller would be controversial! Cool, but it's actually called *Barb Wire*. Kids!



gonna hafta protest every damn thing you can protest. 'Cause I tell ya...I'm black, you're white, and man, it just ain't going on like it should.

SPY: *Are you with me for the demonstration?*

Larry: I already told you I was.

SPY: *And can we nominate this pig for president?*

Larry: Oh, hell yeah!

SPY: *What should we call him?*

Larry: Call him Kabloota.

SPY: *Kabloota....Is that African?*

Larry: No, it's Swahili.

SPY: *Swahili.*

Larry: Kabloota. Kabloota for President!

K

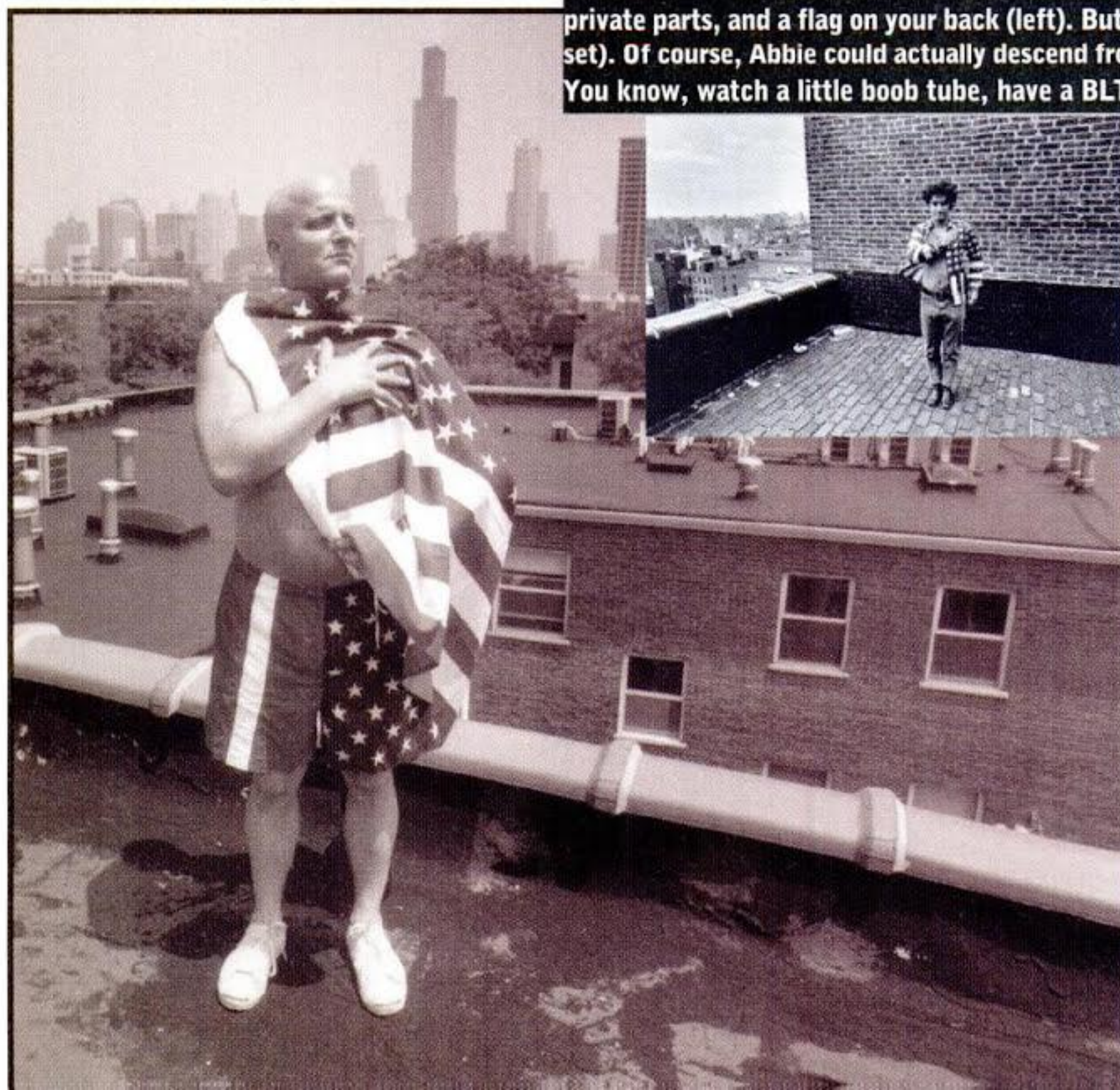
abloota, SPY's dark horse candidate—ironically, a pig—has a decent shot in '96.

Human-porcine relations have come a long way in the last 30 years. Back in the old days, pigs were considered

evil. The Beatles wrote creepy little songs about them. Charlie Manson had his Family use blood to daub "PIGS" on their victims's walls. And "pigs" was what right-thinking people called policemen. In nominating a pig—Pigasus—for president, therefore, the Yippies genuinely thought they had committed the ultimate act of anarchy. The news that a pig—yes, a pig!—had set its beady eyes on a sty in the corner of the Lincoln bedroom, they thought, would surely shock the square world into giving up their mortgages, their suits and ties, their military forays into Southeast Asia, and joining the caravan of love. Yup. That was going to work.

SPY enjoyed a historic victory in Chicago: protesting nothing and accomplishing nothing. The legion of freaks in 1968 also accomplished nothing, but *they* had an agenda. Did they stop the war in Vietnam? Hell no. By diverting attention from Humphrey, they got Nixon elected, and the war raged on for another full five years. Did they imbue a radical political conscience in the hearts and minds of the baby boomers? Nope.

Nope, there's nothing quite like waking up in the morning on the roof with absolutely horrid halitosis, stuffed-up sinuses, two worthless lotto tickets, half a dozen clove cigarettes, scratch private parts, and a flag on your back (left). But hey—it was good enough for Abbie Hoffman (in set). Of course, Abbie could actually descend from the roof and enter into his friend's apartment. You know, watch a little boob tube, have a BLT for an early lunch.



The boomers elected Reagan. Did the Yippies at least have a good time? Yes, but it involved getting beaten up.

F

or a brief moment, the Chicago 7 were in spitting distance of transforming the city's image. But now they are dead. Literally. Abbie Hoffman died of a drug overdose; Jerry Rubin got hit by a car after making a killing on Wall Street; and Bobby Seale has leveraged his opposition to Agent Orange and napalm into a range of deadly hot barbecue sauces. What happened to their crazy dreams? Maybe it's the Chicago curse. Maybe like the rest of what Chicago used to have going for it, the city's status as epicenter of the Aquarian Age fell through some gaping rip in the fabric of space or time located beneath Lake Michigan. Bummer. ☹

Maybe it's the Chicago curse. Maybe like the rest of what Chicago used to have going for it, the city's status as epicenter of the Aquarian Age fell through some gaping rip in the fabric of time beneath Lake Michigan.



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"Do I look like a poodle poacher, officer?" fumes the ever-ravenous Liz Taylor. "I'm planning to stir-fry the little scamp!"



Thumbing her nose at teetotaling pantywaists, aged rocker Debbie Harry gets liquored up to go do donuts in the parking lot of the local 7-Eleven. Vroom!

Party Poop



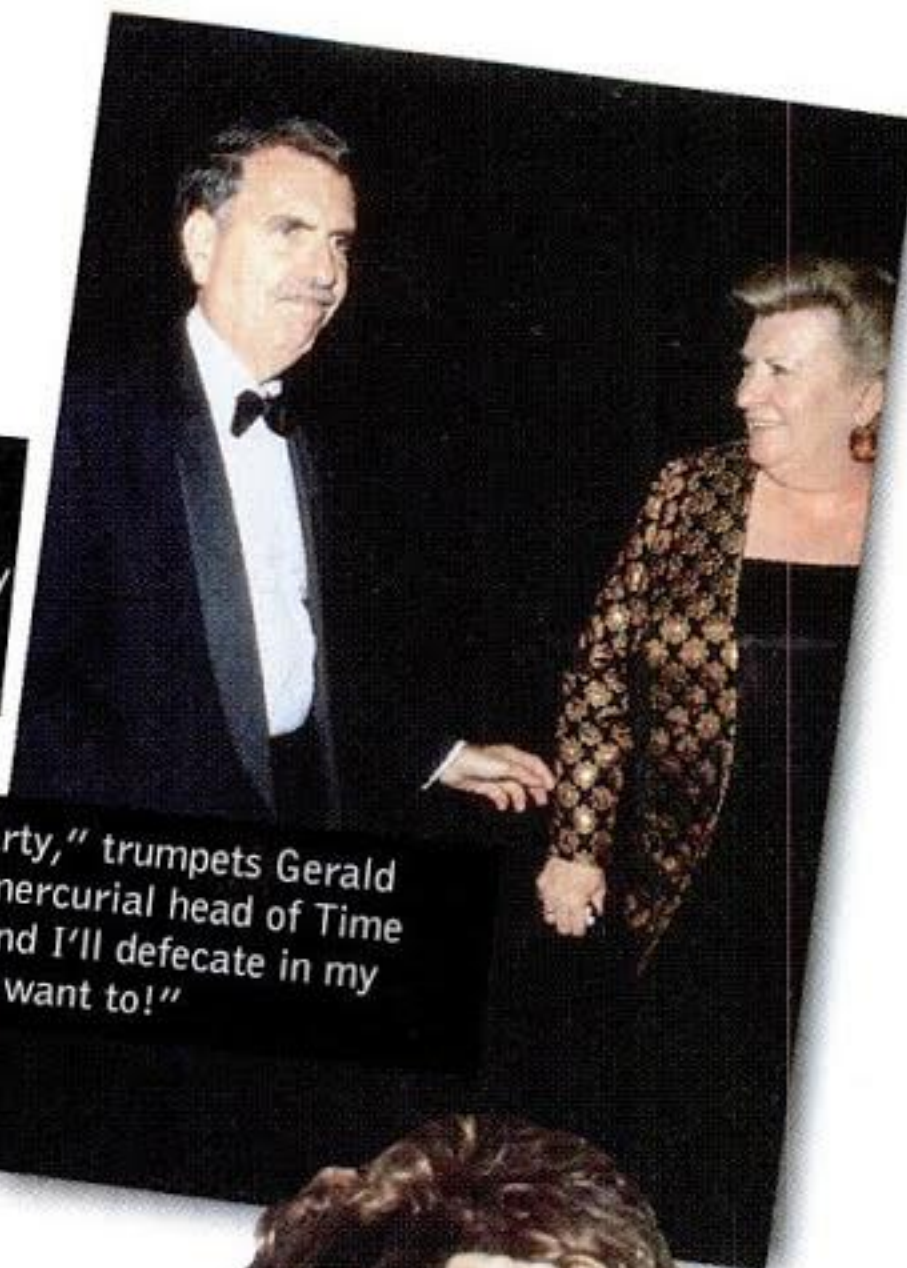
Fast-food activist Ryan O'Neal reminds a sheepish Farrah Fawcett of the first rule of the Conga Line: Don't cut the cheese!



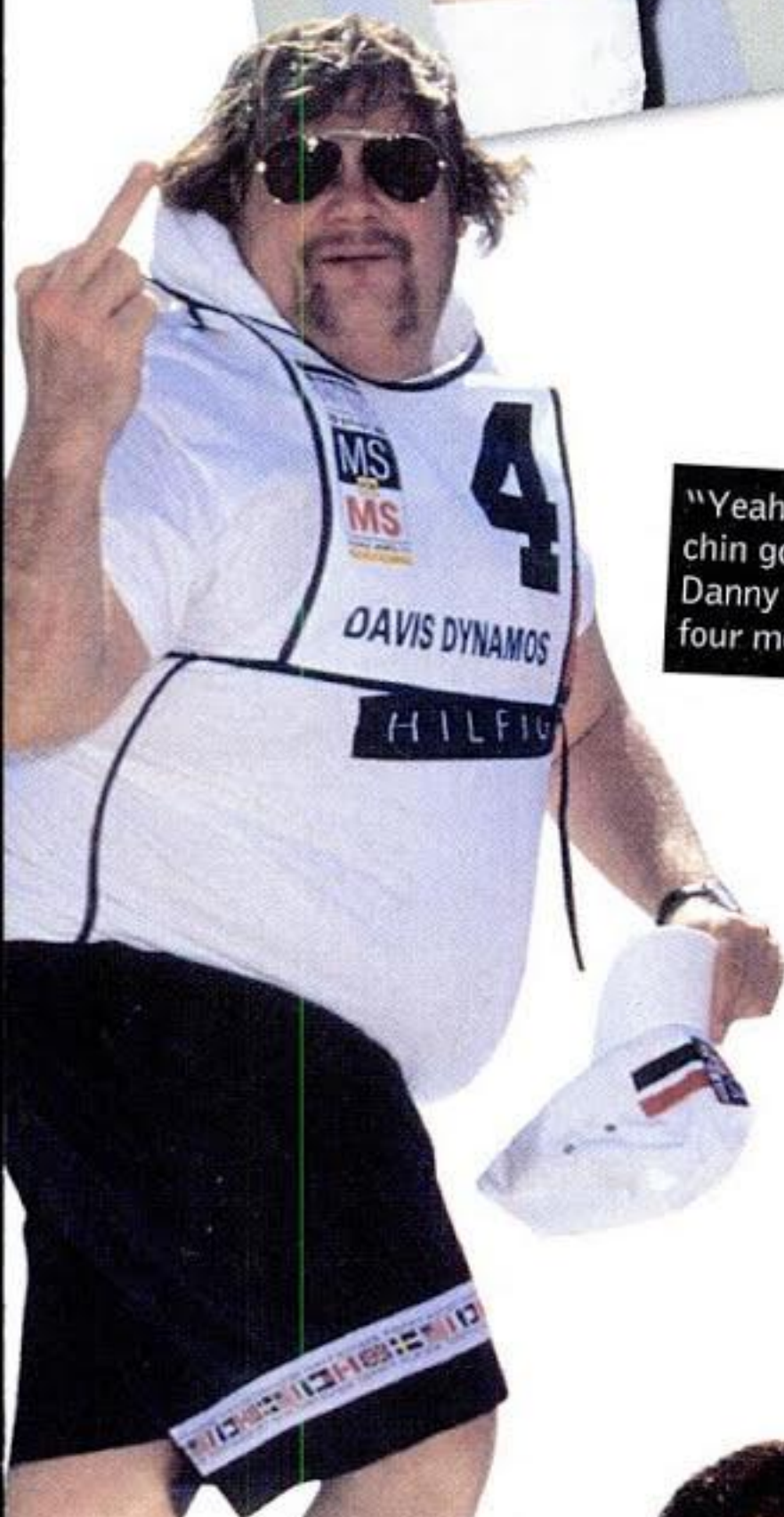
"I don't care if you *do* have a reservation," gaunt media mogul Ted Turner informs a would-be diner. "I own this whole damn restaurant!"



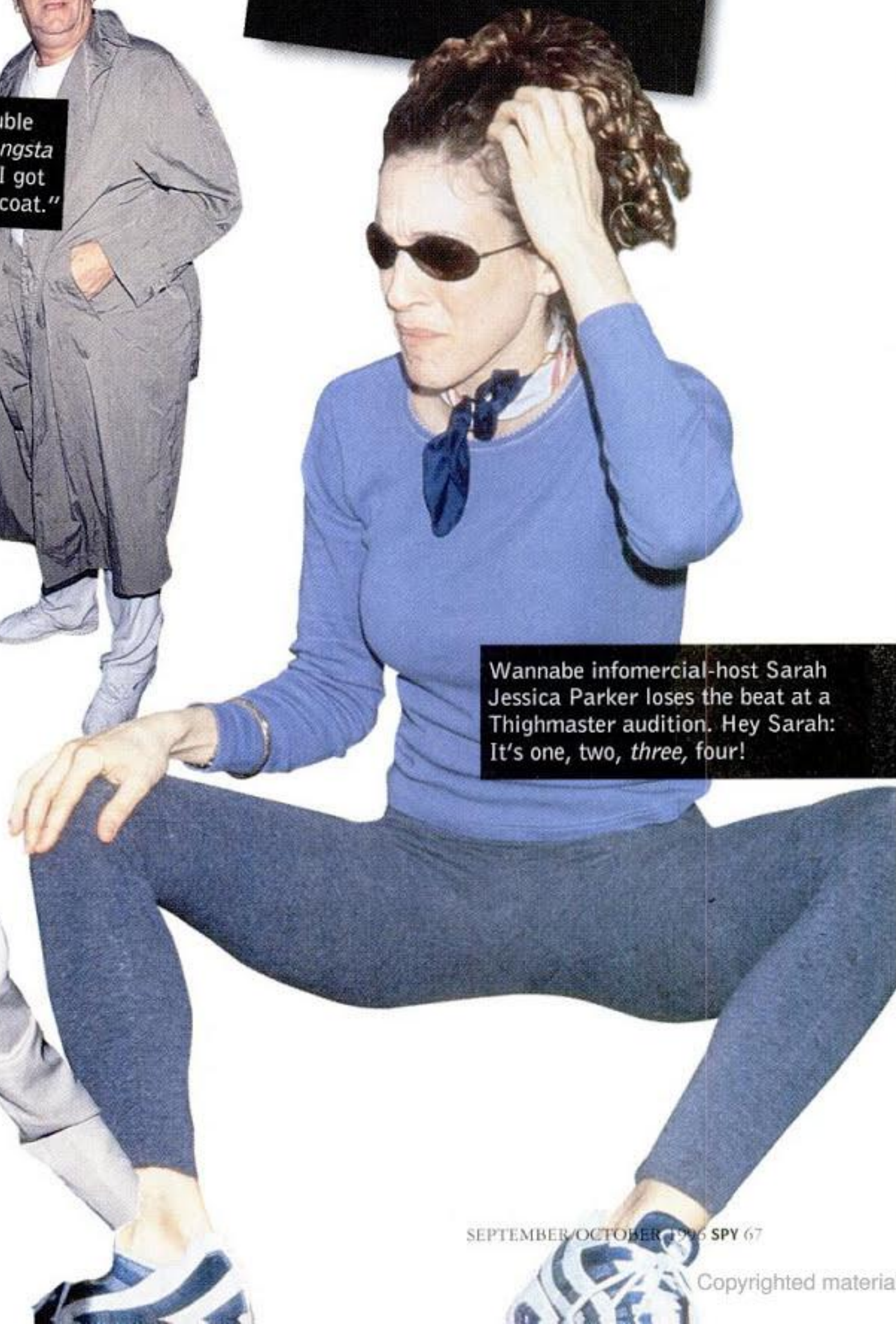
Zonked out of his mind, Brad Pitt (left) chows down on a young fan's fingernails. Whoa, minty! Hey, superathlete Chris Farley (below left), how many times have you seen your own genitalia? Is that a one?



"It's my party," trumpets Gerald Levin, the mercurial head of Time Warner, "and I'll defecate in my trousers if I want to!"



"Yeah, I got the double chin going," says gangsta Danny Aiello. "And I got four more under my coat."



Wannabe infomercial-host Sarah Jessica Parker loses the beat at a Thighmaster audition. Hey Sarah: It's one, two, three, four!



"Could I trouble you for a fizzy glass of soda?" On his goodbye tour, a parched Rod Stewart finds himself afflicted with sudden stomach pangs.

A Brazil Nut and Four Other Guys



Andre Barcinski

Andre Barcinski ("The Rising Cost of Living," page 20) knows a thing or two about the criminal mind. The Rio de Janeiro native has been mugged "at least a dozen times." He respects the creativity of Brazilian robbers, however, noting he "was once mugged with a rusty tuna can." The New York correspondent for the *Jornal do Brasil*, Rio's largest daily newspaper, is directing a feature-length documentary about samba music. *Sans* kidnap scenes, of course.

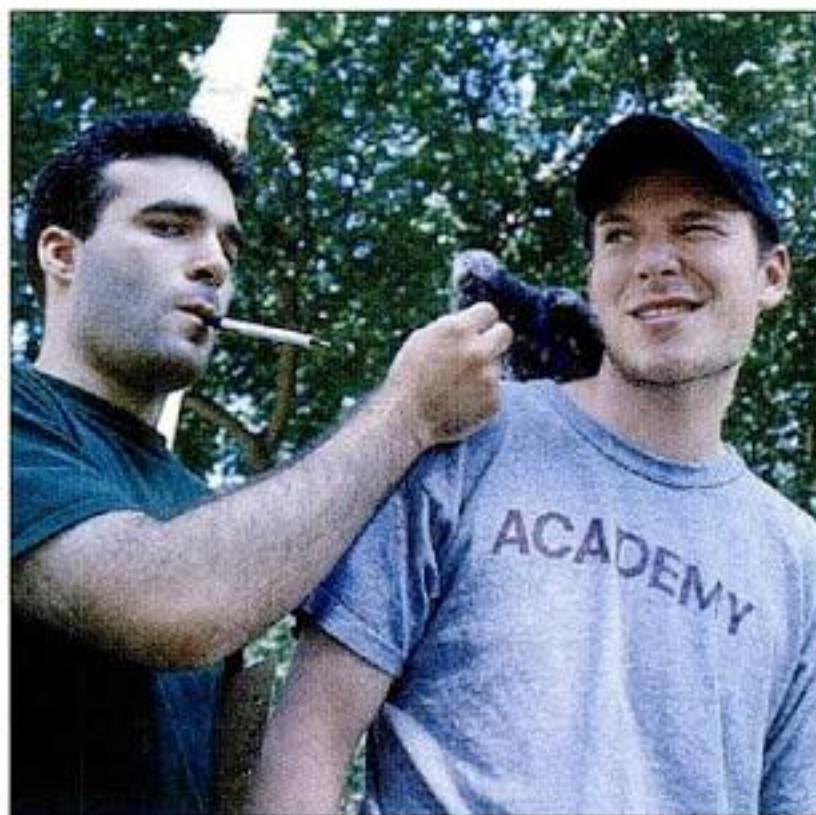


Ian Williams

Liverpool University expelled Ian Williams ("Verse Come, Verse Served," page 13; "Shell Shocked in Nigeria," page 28) in 1970 for protesting the South African apartheid regime. His expulsion from high school, however, was simply for drinking and smoking, which are actually rather nice credentials for his current position as president of the United Nations Correspondents' Association. His work has also appeared in *New York* magazine, *The Nation*, and *The New York Observer*, and his book, *The UN for Beginners*, was published last year.

Dan Bova and Eddie Stern

Eddie Stern and Dan Bova ("The Ol' College SPY," page 38) represent the yin and yang of body hair—for every strand Eddie loses on top, Dan gains four on his back. When not getting us coffee, Dan is pursuing a movie career; his film *Memories of Matthews Place* won a national Student Academy Oscar. Eddie hasn't won any awards, but he does have an aunt named Emmy. He is also the managing editor of a newspaper in (uh, heh-heh) Crested Butte, Colorado.



Richard Roeper

Chicago-native Richard Roeper ("Last Meal and Testament," page 12) writes a daily column for the *Chicago Sun-Times*, in addition to hosting a nightly radio show on WLUP and providing news commentaries for the local Fox TV affiliate. When asked what he would order were he on Death Row, Roeper cleverly replied, "I'd ask for a Slow Poke and a Tootsie Pop—that'd give me another week at least."

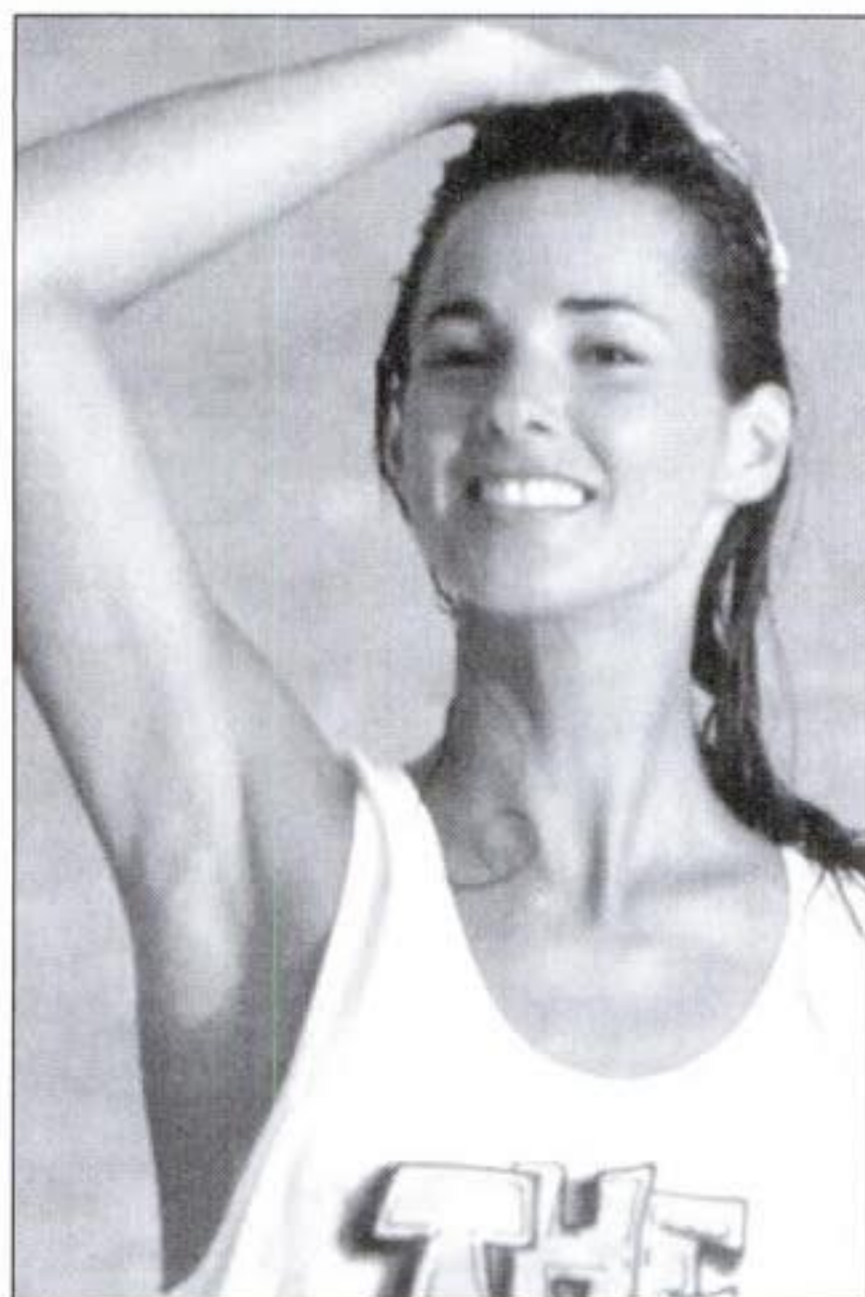
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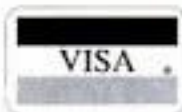
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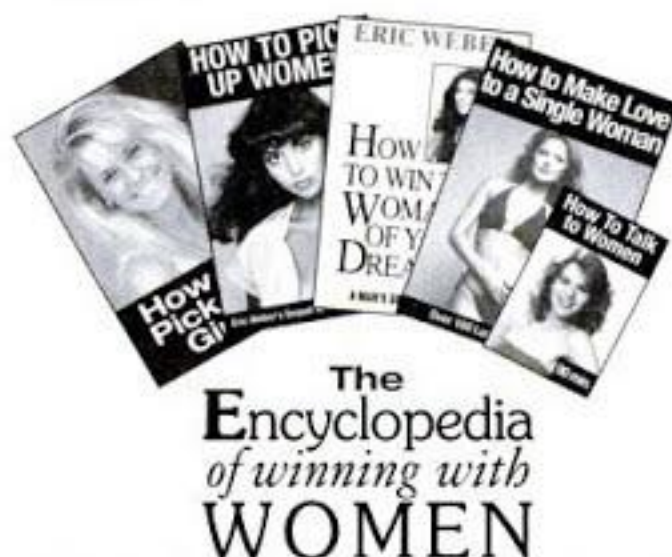
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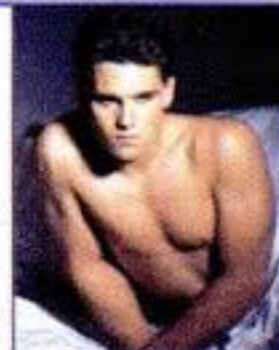
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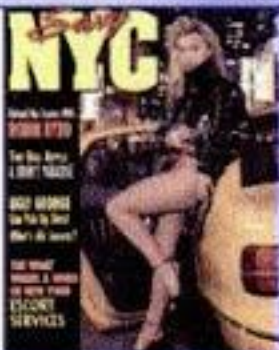
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YANKEE DOODLE DEATH-TRAP: Historians and astrologers have long wondered what other-worldly presence could possibly be responsible for one of our nation's most unusual coincidences: Three of our nation's first five presidents, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, and James Monroe, all died on the country's birthday, July 4th. And Adams and Jefferson even died on the same day, July 4, 1826, on the country's 50th anniversary. Adding to this peculiar set of circumstances, SPY has learned that, on July 4, 1989, Cecil Friedman passed away. Yes *that* Cecil Friedman, the one that was the *president* of the New Jersey Bridge League.



I SMELL RECALL: Since the dawn of rock, major-league guitarists who played Fenders—Buddy Holly, Jimi Hendrix, Stevie Ray Vaughan, Kurt Cobain—have died before the age of 35, while aficionados of the equally popular Gibson guitar—Les Paul, Jeff Beck, Jimmy Page, Keith Richards—have hung on into drooling old age. Hmm. Then there's Eric Clapton, who started out on a Gibson, but then switched to a Fender; subsequently, his bandmate, Keith Relf, was electrocuted in his bathtub playing, of all things, a Gretsch.

DEVIATING FROM THE NORM:

Corpulent actor **George Wendt** seems to be quite the innocent cherub, doesn't he? A little sweat from the collective brow of SPY's investigative team, however, reveals the erstwhile barstool appendage as the evil-dictator crony that he truly is. Searching the Nexis database for articles containing both the words "George Wendt" and the names of various bloodthirsty martinets indicates that he seems to have a fairly cozy relationship with the world's evildest men: Pol Pot (1), Idi Amin (1), Manuel Noriega (1), Ferdinand Marcos (2), Fidel Castro (5) and Stalin (4).



Scott (choked on own vomit, 33), whose AC/DC cut *Crabsody in Blue*. Optimists can look forward to the fact that **Michael Bolton's** faithful remake of *When a Man Loves a Scallop* should be in stores this October.

"COUNTRY-STYLE" POULTRY: Traditionally, Americans celebrate Thanksgiving by chowing down on turkey, a bird that shares its name with a nation. Interestingly enough, the Portuguese word for turkey, the food, also shares a name with a country, specifically "peru." In a further twist, one of our interns could have sworn that, a few weeks ago, he saw a Peruvian-looking guy in a deli order "smoked burkina faso" on a hard roll before correcting himself and asking for—you guessed it—turkey.

MUSSEL SPASMS: Health experts have long warned us about the dangers of eating shellfish, but it seems that even singing about them can lead to a premature demise. Just ask **John Lennon** (shot dead, age 40), whose Beatles recorded *Octopus's Garden*. Or **Ricky Wilson** (cancer, 32) whose B-52s released *Rock Lobster*. Or **Bon**

ETHNIC LENSING: When freakish forty-something actor Ralph Macchio isn't getting carded at bars, he plays a sort of whitebread blackboard for multi-culti svengalis. An African-American guitarist teaches him the blues in *Crossroads*; a Japanese superintendent teaches him martial arts in *Karate Kid, II*, and *III*; and an Italian lawyer teaches him life-lessons in *My Cousin Vinny*. Next up for Ralphie: A hairy Greek guy teaches him how to shave.

PAPA DON'T FIRE ME. Madonna has earned a reputation as a maneater, but she's also become something of an editor killer, too. First, *Vibe* editor **Jonathan Van Meter** was forced to resign after he slated her and **Dennis Rodman** for his June/July '94 cover—publisher **Quincy Jones** wanted **Eddie Murphy**. Then *Details* editor **John Leland** got canned after he put her onto his Nov. '94 cover—Condé Nast brass thought she wasn't hip enough. But here at SPY, we couldn't be less worried about this month's cover girl—our editor could use a little down-time.



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